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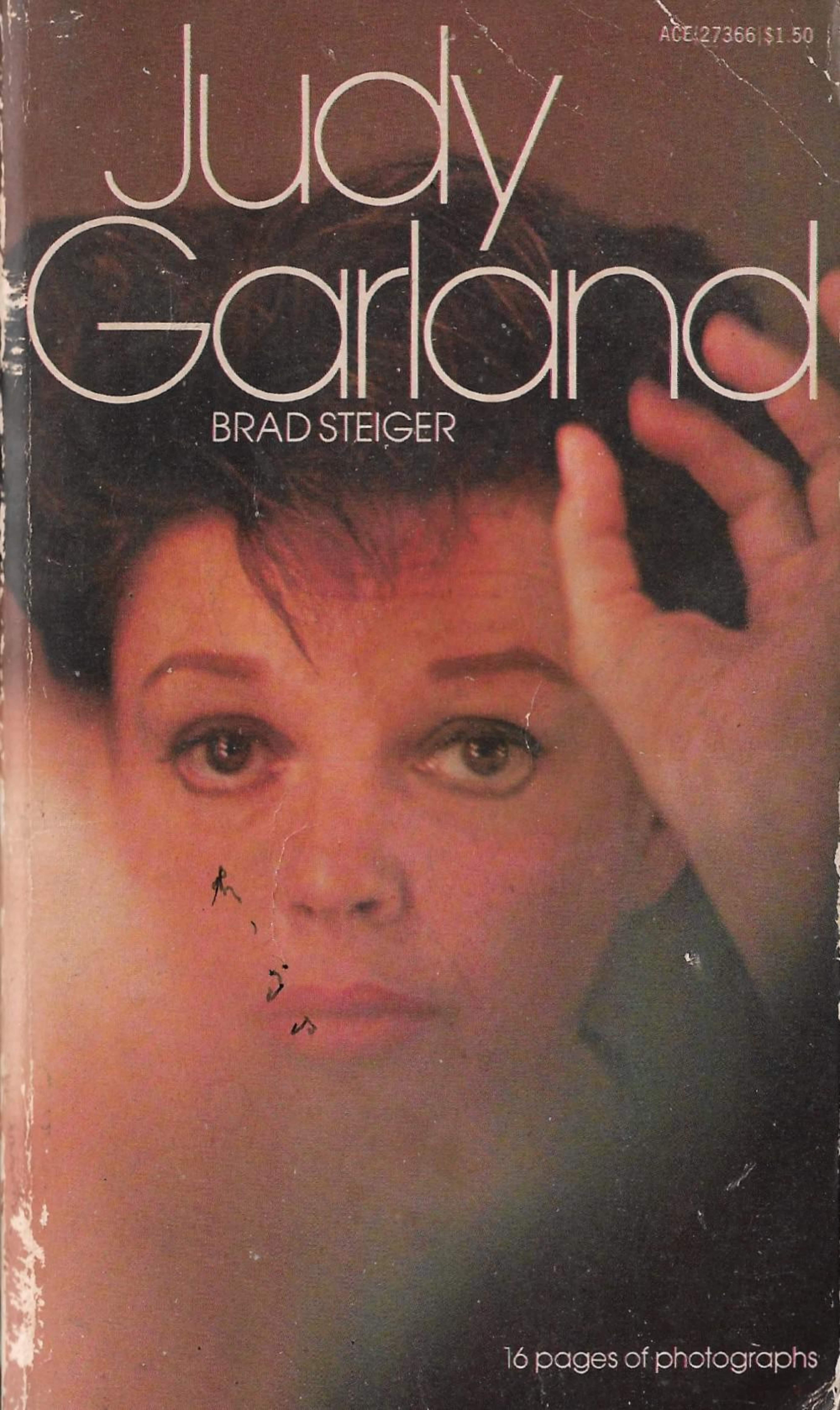
Judy Garland

BRAD STEIGER



16 pages of photographs

"Please," Judy once said, "all I am is Judy Garland. I'm tired of trying to behave like Judy Garland is supposed to behave. I don't think many people could have lived through what I have. I'm glad I'm a woman with enough guts to cry about the lonely, dead-end streets of her life, but I'm still a woman with a dream. . . ."

* * *

Thousands of elderly women with handkerchiefs pressed to tear-glistening cheeks; thousands of young men weeping unashamedly; thousands of teenaged girls with Garland's record albums and color portraits pressed to their bosoms; thousands of beggars, cripples, hippies, housewives, secretaries, nuns, priests, office workers—all stood in line for hours to view the glass-enclosed casket containing the fleshly shell of their Judy.

How can anyone analyze the special Garland magic?

Judy Garland was, in some divine way, granted the ability to slice through the psychic cobwebs, the mental briar patches, and establish heart-to-heart rapport with everyone who *really* listened to her sing.

JUDY GARLAND

by BRAD STEIGER

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INTRODUCTION

The death of Judy Garland in London, on June 22, 1969, could have been the attainment of an ambition she had had for twenty years or so. It was the culmination of a quest for peace and tranquility that she rarely found in her adult life—a peace that she could not find in alcohol, drugs or men. As she saw life for so many years, there seemed to be nothing over that rainbow she had been singing about.

The autopsy didn't say it was suicide, but the dosages she took of various pills were, at best, imprudent. There had been several overt attempts at suicide in the past, but the path she later chose was one that would merely quiet her—while it inexorably moved her on to a finale. She had chosen London as a change of scenery, and there was her husband of three months, Mickey Deans. She might have wanted to halt the course of her slow death, but, apparently, she was unable to turn back. The autopsy said it was an accidental overdose—the final excess in a life filled with excesses. It was one way out of a world closing in on her; the inner turmoil was overwhelming and most avenues of escape were cut off.

Judy got much satisfaction out of her children. She frequently found joy in her work, when she could summon enough courage to go on stage. But there was an aura of too much of everything, and her normal remedies, the bottle and barbiturates, were losing their effectiveness as increasingly greater amounts were needed to calm her.

These dosages, did they enable her to live—or did they permit her to die? Was her medication an escape route, a palliative—or did it nurture her desire for an inner calm that only death could give her? These are questions the entertainment world had been asking of Judy for many years, questions they asked of other performers who passed on since the death of Wallace Reid in the early '20s. Neither Hollywood nor Broadway can answer these questions, and neither can the psychiatrists or the theologians.

Yet Judy's quest for peace was apart from the love she received and was able to give. She loved people and they generally returned her love. There is hardly a star who has received as much adulation as Miss Garland. Wherever she played, there were banners in the audience: "Judy, We Love You." They shouted their affection and the crowds pressed forward to touch her, seeking souvenirs just as the devout seek relics of a saint.

Curiously enough, the adulation increased as her physical condition deteriorated. Her once magnificent voice had long receded from its peak. In the past few years she brought her children on stage. It was more than introducing them into the business, or teaching them the performing arts. True, they helped her create another image, but equally important, they were effective in providing her valuable time to rest and replenish her energy. However, the roar in the arena never diminished. "Judy, We Love You."

There were certainly many times when she was happy in her work. She preferred personal appearances to picture work. She could *feel* the support the people were giving her. One time at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, where she was making a single appearance a night at the 2 A.M. show, she told me it was "a gas." She could take it easy all day and night, and "You never saw such crowds." Much of the happiness of that engagement was due to the hotel's entertainment manager at that time, Stan Irwin, who saw to it that she was comfortable. He even tried hypnosis to get her away from the sleeping potions she had been using. Whether the hypnosis worked or not matters little at this time—at least she was calm then.

Judy had little difficulty with audiences. Theatre managers, although calling her "irresponsible," still wanted to play her. When Miss Garland was with it, there was hardly anybody like her either on stage or at the box office. She had great appeal to the teeny-boppers and to the dowagers, to the young and to the aged. She had a mystique and a charisma that was unequalled in any performer. It was unique in the fact that it transcended mere talent, and reached into the realm of legend. Personal dreams seemed to be wrapped up in her. In Judy's stage appearances were seen a daughter the audience would like to have had, the kind of girl who always got away, and despite her turgid offstage life, a sort of innocence seemed to envelope her. These illusions were constantly heightened by the annual television showings of "The Wizard of Oz." And with every showing, the Judy Cult grew larger.

There was ample reason for this adulation. When Judy got out on stage, she radiated the warmth she felt in her audience. She seemed to become once more that little teenager who sang "You Made Me Love You" to a picture of Clark Gable. It was youth coupled with the consummate skill of a seasoned performer. In just a moment she grew from a little girl to a woman, and finally to a human being enveloped in tragedy and sorrow. These were the moods she communicated, and this the audience dug and went wild about.

Her audiences were so loyal that they inundated with vituperative letters any reviewers who dared to suggest that she wasn't the singer she used to be, or that she had difficulty in making some of the bigger notes. Not even Liberace, during the days when he had old ladies dangling from the ceiling, had an audience that provided such fanatic protection to their idol.

The bulk of her difficulties came from the fact that her studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, had a great deal of money tied up in her. Her schedules were steadfast and couldn't be rearranged without costing them millions. After all, the studio had contractual responsibilities; earnings had to be maintained; stockholders had to get their dividends, and theatre operators needed the product badly, especially films that were as big boxoffice as Judy's were.

Was it to help her, or to help them, that she was started on drugs to calm her down, to give her energy, to let her sleep, to wake her up? This valuable bit of property had to be maintained in perfect working order. Too much was at stake.

Surely it was then that she was brought into a world manipulated by others, and provided with an aura that became more and more unreal in time. She got lost in a jungle from which a steamy haze enveloped her, and there seemed to be no way out.

Harry Anslinger, the chief narcotics law enforcement officer for the Federal Government, attempted to get the studio to help her rid herself of this drug abuse. But too much depended on Judy, and there was no cooperation. She was soon unable to grope her way back to reality, and only occasionally did she find herself able to cope, or to function, without the crutches foisted upon her.

To that extent, the demand by audiences for her pictures contributed to Judy losing touch. Perhaps this adulation at the end was one means of making it up to her.

And make it up they did, to some extent. Thousands who verbalized their love for her in the theatre, and those who saw her in films, came to view her frail body at Campbell's. It was the greatest crowd at the funeral parlor since it performed the final amenities for Rudolph Valentino.

Even in death Judy outdrew anything in town. She was always boffo b.o.

New York, N.Y.

JOE COHEN
Variety

Chapter One

A BORN TROUPER

In the winter of 1961, Sammy Davis, Jr. was turning in a socko closing-night performance at New York's Copacabana. The nightclub was filled with celebrity pals of the dynamic little entertainer and, at the conclusion of Davis' performance, the audience fully expected the show-biz ritual of closing-night introductions. "Tonight I want to dispense with show-business tradition," Davis said as he stood before the microphone. Those who knew the star sensed something strange, something special in his manner, in the serious set of his face. "Tonight, instead of introducing all the famous and wonderful people who have come to see my closing performance, I want to introduce just two great ladies in the audience. The first is my mother. . . ."

Mrs. Davis stood up, smiled, lifted her hand in a nervous wave to acknowledge the polite applause.

"The second great lady," Davis went on, "has just returned to New York from London, where she has been recovering from a serious illness. Her name is . . . Judy Garland!"

Writer Bill Davidson was in the audience that night, and in an issue of *McCall's*, he told how the jam-packed audience became instantly silent at the sound of the magic name. Then, as if on a skilled director's cue, hundreds of throats released "Oh" simultaneously.

A technician snapped on a baby spotlight and probbed the darkness to find a plump little woman in a white blouse and black skirt sitting at a side table. Once the searching glow of the spotlight had singled out this unique treasure, everyone in the Copa was on his feet, chanting the revered name over and over, "Judy! Judy! Judy!"

The small woman walked to the microphone and began to weep.

". . . and the audience wept," writes Davidson, "and the musicians wept—and one of them began playing the first bars of 'Over the Rainbow,' . . . and suddenly, almost against her will, Judy Garland was singing before an audience in the United States for the first time in nearly a year. When she reached the high notes at the end—where she sings, 'Why, oh, why can't I?' —the audience was so hushed that I could hear a woman behind me praying softly, 'Please, *please*, let her make it.' "

Judy did make those high notes, and she succeeded in making another national comeback after her ego and confidence had been restored by that fantastic night at the Copa.

To those who are not so completely enchanted and mesmerized by the myth of Judy Garland, it seems that her entire life was a continual series of comebacks. In spite of Judy's wry, "Comeback, what do you mean comeback? I've never been away," the truth was that she was very often out of the scene with her studio walkouts and her horrendous bouts with pills and booze. There were suicide attempts, nervous breakdowns, messy lawsuits, and four divorces, yet the Cult of Judy always forgave the diminutive star her excesses and her trespasses.

Judy's death in London on June 22nd was a shock, but it could hardly have surprised anyone who had the slightest knowledge of The Legend.

Irv Kupcinet, Chicago *Sun-Times* columnist and a good friend of Judy's, observed that those who were close to the singer-actress had long feared that she was bent on self-destruction. "She lived in the 'Valley of the Dolls' for most of her life," Kup recalls. "Pills for sleeping, pills for keeping awake, pills that caused her to miss engagements, and pills that left her comatose, which many mistook for drunkenness. Her accomplishments will be clouded, temporarily, by the stories that plagued her throughout much of her life, stories of her troubles—health, financial, marital, cancellations, postponements, robberies, lawsuits, firings. . . . Judy didn't miss much in life—only happiness."

Harriet Van Horne, New York *Post* columnist, theorized that the death of Judy Garland touched so many people so deeply because, somehow, ". . . we were all involved in her sorrows. Never was a star so naked to her enemies—or her admirers. Her inner pain was a visible, throbbing emotion, contagious as fear. . . . In her last hopeless years, watching Judy became an exercise in masochism . . . because she was so beautiful and so vulnerable, her death leaves us with a curious sense of guilt. Did she never know, we ask, how greatly she was loved?"

Did Judy ever know how much the people loved her? She did grow weary of being the perpetual nonstop performer. "Sometimes it seems as if I've been in bondage since I was a fetus," she once told an interviewer.

But another time she admitted that she was a born trouper. According to Judy, her father used to say: "It won't make any difference what Judy does for a living, she'll tear the house down getting there." And Judy admitted that he had been correct. "I would have trouped in a shoe factory," she said.

Cheers, applause, and mass adoration bear high price tags. Exhaustion, severe mental fatigue, unyielding pressures, relentless demands, an endless press of obligations, and the loss of privacy are but a few of the painful strings attached to the kind of success, fame, and public worship which were attained by Judy Garland. She won these precious goals through hard work, devotion to her craft, and a fierce, driving ambition. And, once Success was hers, Judy transmuted the base metal of materialism into the gold of Mass Love through some strange, intense, and highly personal alchemical mystery. Judy's magical effect on an audience is practically unequaled in the lifetime of any who will read this book (some mention only Al Jolson as her equal; others speak of Barbara Streisand as a future contender); and once the spell had been cast by that toe-skipping journey down the yellow brick road, a good share of the Western world remains convinced that the innocent Dorothy, who sang of dreams coming true over the rainbow, was incapable of a wrong-doing.

Comedian Jerry Lewis once reflected on the Cult of Judy for writer Bill Davidson: ". . . People of all kinds, with worries and problems and heartaches, go to see her, and they identify with her. And when she sings, she is communicating for them all the emotions they can't communicate themselves. . . . The stout women in the audience identify with her, and the insomniacs in the audience identify with her, and the losers-in-love identify with her, and the people who remember their own unhappy childhoods identify with her, and the alcoholics and the pill takers identify with her. All the people whose insides have been torn out by

misery identify with her—and she is singing for all of them. In a way, she's singing with a hundred voices."

The strangely touched changeling child, the eternal girl-woman, who sang with a voice that could reach out to soothe a hundred different miseries, seemed to be as much in awe of her magic as anyone, and there seems little doubt that she was often humbled by the impact of her mystique. "I've been told that I represent people's dreams," Judy once commented. "I'm grateful, but if I represent people's dreams, then I represent a lot more than I really am."

Another time, Judy observed that dozens of writers had tried to analyze her childhood in an attempt to explain in psychological jargon the factors and events which had made her the way she was. In her own words, Judy said: "The point they all seem to miss is that I was pretty much a typical adolescent girl. But it took me six years to convince people that I wasn't permanently twelve years old!"

Judy was only two years old when she dashed on stage in her father's theater in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, and interrupted her older sisters' act with a robust version of "Jingle Bells," the only song that she knew. Her mother kept playing the piano through five, seven, nine or fifteen choruses, depending on which account of the Legend is to be believed, and kept whispering at her precocious infant to head for the wings. Her older sisters did just that, knowing that no performer can hold his own against a lustily singing, curly-headed moppet. Judy's father, however, steeled himself to the laughter of the crowd and retrieved the baby from the stage. The only member of the family who was not just a little put-out with the child was Grandma Milne, who, it was later learned, had been the one who had pushed the jingle bell balladeer on stage.

In 1924, Judy was Frances Gumm, the daughter of Frank and Ethel Gumm. Judy remembered her father as handsome, temperamental, and fun. Her mother, according to Judy, was an equal to the wicked witch in *The Wizard of Oz.* Frank Gumm had run away from his home in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, at the age of ten to join a minstrel show. He later met Ethel Milne when he was singing in a Wisconsin theater where she was the pianist. Frank utilized his Southern charm both to win Ethel's love and to convince her to team up with him as "Jack and Virginia Lee, Sweet Southern Singers." The responsibility of an approaching family later caused Frank to curb his wanderlust and buy a movie theater in Grand Rapids. When the first child, Suzy, was born, the Gumms bought a big white frame house with a garden behind it.

The thing that Judy remembered most about the house in Grand Rapids was the fun and laughter which they shared as a family within its sturdy walls. When Judy was born, her sister Suzy was seven and her sister Jimmy was five. The sisters were already a song-and-dance team, who stood ever on the alert to supplement the local movie theater's celluloid bill-of-fare, and the Gumms were hoping for a son necessary to fill out the strawhat and cane segment of any good hoofer spot. Frances was as close as the Gumms would ever get to a Frank, Jr.

"I loved my father," Judy often recalled, "and he had a special kind of love for me, the youngest of his three daughters. At night before he went to the theater, I used to crawl up into his lap in a white flannel nightie and listen to him sing 'Danny Boy' and 'Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen.' Those two songs formed my

bedtime ritual with Daddy, and it was a ritual that I loved."

Sigmund Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, once wrote that the son who knows that he is his mother's favorite bears forever within his psyche the conviction that he is a conqueror. Perhaps something of the sort may be true with young girls who are convinced that they are Daddy's special baby. In any event, while Daddy Frank was crooning bedtime lullabies to his favorite daughter, Mother Ethel was watching Jackie Coogan movies and getting ambitious ideas about the true potential of their children.

"If kid stars are in," she argued with her husband, who had never completely smothered the show-biz spark within his own breast, "then we should be able to make a mint with our daughters."

Mother Gumm uprooted the entire family with her obsession to make movie stars out of them all. They packed the family touring car and set out to do three months on the road, playing a grueling schedule of one-night stands in nearly every city that supported a theater between Grand Rapids and Los Angeles. Frank and Ethel once more assumed their "Jack and Virginia Lee" stage names, brushed up their act, and put together a separate act for the girls.

Judy remembered that both acts were terrible. Her father had a good voice and used it to good advantage on spirituals and on a closing number of his own composition, "I Will Come Back." Many years later, Judy would use the same song to signal the conclusion of her weekly television shows. According to Judy, her mother had a terrible voice and played the piano very badly.

"Actually," Judy said often, "Mother was no good for anything except to create chaos and fear. She didn't like me because of my talent. She resented it because she could only play 'Kitten on the Keys' as if she was wearing boxing gloves."

The kids, Judy remembered grimly, gave a performance that often inspired a salvo of rotten fruit from the audience. First the Gumm sisters would sit out front to lead, or to stimulate, applause for the "Sweet Southern Singers," then they would tip-toe backstage while their mother struggled vocally with the opening bars of "I've Been Saving for a Rainy Day." The song always made Judy cry, not because of the maudlin sentimentality of the lyrics, but because her mother's voice was so very bad. At the conclusion of their parents' act, Mother would rush into the orchestra pit to play the piano while Father would wrestle little Frances into an Egyptian outfit with big pantaloons.

Suzy and Jimmy strutted out on the stage in Spanish costumes, and in quavering and wavering voices, managed to stay in tune most of the time in a rendition of "In a Little Spanish Town." While the older girls sang, Frank Gumm continued to struggle with his two-year-old's costume. Judy would chuckle in later years when she would recall the comically desperate image of her father trying to get little Frances' legs into separate pants legs. To complicate matters, it was dark backstage, and the only illumination that Frank had to work by came from a small flashlight.

Sometimes, after several moments of sweaty maneuvers in the dim light, Frank Gumm would moan aloud as he discovered that he still had one pants leg unfilled and both of his daughter's slender legs were stuffed into one ballooning leg. He would dash to the wings, whisper at the older girls to do another chorus of "In a Little Spanish Town," then scurry back to

resume his siege with the pants legs, the ankle bracelets, and the spangles.

Frank Gumm managed to find another theater for sale, and the family left Los Angeles for Lancaster, about eighty miles away. Just before the Gumms moved from their green stucco bungalow in Los Angeles, Ethel signed her children with the Meglin Kiddies booking agency. Mother Gumm was less than delighted about the move to desert country. Kid actors were still making big money in the movies, and she was determined to land her daughters in the flicks.

Frank did well with the new theater, but Ethel packed up the touring car and her three daughters and made the trek to Los Angeles each weekend in search of theatrical employment. Sometimes she kept the girls away overnight, and when school was in session for the two older girls, Mrs. Gumm would often make trips alone with little Frances.

By the time that Frances was in grade school, Frank and Ethel had allowed their differences of opinion about their desires and ambitions for their children to bubble over into loud arguments. From shouting and name-calling, it was a short step to a separation. Ethel took Frances with her to live at the Hotel Gates in Los Angeles and left Suzy and Jimmy with Frank in Lancaster.

During the time that the Gumms were separated, Ethel would take Frances on faraway runs to Seattle or Vancouver. Ethel always took pride in relating how she never had to spank Judy or use corporal discipline of any kind on these trips. The discipline which she did employ to keep her spirited young daughter in line was, however, much more insidious, cruel, and psychologically damaging.

The scene: A small hotel room in a large city.

Ethel: Your timing was bad on your last number today, Frances, and you sassed me back in front of the theater manager. You are a naughty child; a wicked girl. (Ethel gets her suitcase from the closet, lays it open on the bed.)

Frances: What are you doing, Mother? (Fear is in her wide eyes. She is in a strange place. She is a five-year-old girl, heavily dependent on Mother.)

Ethel: What does it look like I'm doing? (She has begun to remove articles of her clothing from dresser drawers and place them into the suitcase.)

Frances: You're packing your clothes! You're going to leave me! (The child is panic-stricken at the thought of her mother leaving her alone in a strange place.)

Ethel: That's correct. (She continues to pack.)

Frances: Oh, please, Mother, please! Don't leave me alone! Please!

(Ethel continues to pack in silence. She slowly takes each garment from dresser drawers and smooths them carefully and meticulously in her suitcase. She seems to be savoring the moments, taking as long as possible to pack her clothing. As Ethel packs, Frances is beside her, crying and pleading, "Please, Mother, don't leave me. I'll be good." Etc. At last Ethel leaves the room. Frances slumps to the floor. After a time she sits up and waits . . . and waits. . . .)

In recalling her mother's psychological training device years later, Judy expressed her opinion that it had contributed greatly to her phobia of being alone. "I would sit there terrified, waiting, hoping that she would come back. I didn't know how to use the telephone when I was a scared little girl. But now I do know how to make those midnight telephone calls to wake up my

friends at all hours of the morning. I seem to resent the fact that they're sleeping while I'm sitting up lonely and awake."

Ethel and Frank ended their separation when he and the two older girls joined Mama and Frances in Los Angeles. Judy was happy that the family was reunited and that they had left Lancaster. She used to joke about Grand Rapids being so small that the trains only stopped there for laughs, but whereas Grand Rapids was green and friendly, Judy remembered Lancaster as sandy and snobby. "Because we were show business folk, other mothers wouldn't let their children play with me. I was always lonesome. The only time that I ever felt wanted or accepted was when I was on the stage."

The Gumms acquired a home in the Silver Lake district and the girls were entered in Mrs. Lawlor's School for Professional Students. It was here that Frances Gumm met Mickey Rooney when she was ten years old. According to Judy's own testimony, Mickey gave her her first kiss during a child's game of post office. That kiss would later be repeated countless times for the benefit of the cameras as the two youngsters found themselves teamed over and over as MGM's original gold-dusted twins.

Judy's first boy friend was Donald O'Connor, who would one day become a quick-footed, agile dancer and one of the "big three" of dancing along with Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly. Strangely enough, though, Donald would never make a motion picture with Judy. They met as lonely stage brats in dozens of backstages, as their infant careers crossed time and time again. They played hide-and-seek in the empty wings, and they would sit for hours and improve their manual dexterity with endless games of jacks. The adults seldom paid any attention to the two tiny kids, and even their older brothers and sisters had as little to do with them as possible. Judy and Donald formed a fast friendship that remained unbroken over the years.

In 1933, Ethel once again loaded her three daughters into the trusty old touring car and headed east. Frank had bought another theater in Lomita, a suburb of Los Angeles, and he seemed resigned to the fact that Ethel was determined to launch another sister act into the sibling-loaded galaxy of vaudeville.

"Vaudeville at that time was rotten vaudeville," Judy once told Noel Coward, the British playwright-composer. "I came in after the real great days. Really, it was awful vaudeville."

Rotten vaudeville or not, Judy was always ready to concede the value of the experience and the training which she received while treading the boards of such towns as Charleston, Arkansas; Buffalo, Iowa; Cleveland, Mississippi; Providence, Kentucky; and Manhattan, Kansas. No one can teach another how to become a truly great performer. There are no correspondence courses, no theories, no rehearsals in studios. One can only learn, as Judy Garland did, through trial and error in front of an audience.

Ethel drove without stopping even to sleep until she hit Denver. There in the mountain city, the Gumm Sisters played a week in a theater and a nightclub.

The older girls were beginning to strain at the bit which their ambitious mother had forced into their adolescent mouths. They had had a taste of proms, boyfriends, dates, and football games. Suzy and Jimmie wanted to return to Los Angeles and put their concentrated energy into becoming typical American teen-aged girls, *circa* 1933. In addition to resenting their mother's regimen of traveling, singing, and performing

on stage, they were feeling none too sisterly toward eleven-year-old Frances. It was their bratty little sister who got all the solos, received the largest share of the applause, and earned the greatest kudos from the local critics. Their singing voices, never good, were literally drowned out by the developing lung power of their kid sister.

From Denver, the Gumm Sisters played the Chicago World's Fair. Ethel injudiciously signed a three-month contract with some gangsters; and at the end of their run, the Gumm Sisters were left penniless and unpaid. Pride would not permit Ethel to wire her husband for money, so the determined woman persisted until she landed a spot for the singing Gumm Sisters on the bill of Chicago's Oriental Theater.

It was at the Oriental Theater, according to The Legend, that Frances Gumm became Judy Garland. There are variations on the myth at this point as to precisely how the name was arrived at, but the central point of agreement is that, in some manner, George Jessel was responsible for the rechristening.

According to Leonard Lyons: "When George Jessel was to introduce the child singer, Frances Gumm, his tongue resisted the clumsy sound, 'Frances Gumm.' He suddenly thought of the message he'd just sent Judith Anderson, who was opening in a Broadway play: 'Dear Judy, may this new play add another garland to your Broadway career.'

Jessel therefore blurted the name, 'Judy Garland.' Then he turned to the child singer waiting in the wings and told her: 'Judy Garland . . . that's you, honey.' "

According to Irv Kupcinet: "The trio was appearing at the Oriental Theater as the 'Gumm Sisters' with George Jessel. The name bugged Jessel and he made a spur-of-the-moment suggestion in presenting a garland of flowers to the baby sister: 'You are now Judy Garland.' She adopted the name."

According to Judy: "George Jessel was on the bill and suggested we change our name from Gumm to Garland, after the New York newspaper critic, Robert Garland, who happened to be backstage that night. . . . At the time, my favorite song was a tune called 'Judy' by Hoagy Carmichael. I thought that if I could change the last name, I could also change my first name to Judy."

The stint at the Oriental paid the Gumm Sisters enough money to buy Ethel the gas that she needed to propel the touring car back to Los Angeles.

"We had all missed Father so very much," Judy remembered, "but none of us dared to show it. Mother would have been angry with us if we let on that we had been lonesome for him."

The girls rushed into their father's arms, vowed they would never again leave him alone. They stood on the front lawn, hugging, crying, oblivious to the less-than-indulgent smile of their frowning mother.

The Gumm Sisters worked primarily on the coast after their grand tour of 1933. An engagement at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood earned them their first review in *Variety*, the show business newspaper.

> (Nov. 6, 1934) As a trio, it means nothing, but with the youngest, Frances (Judy), 13, featured, it hops in to class entertainment; for if such a thing is possible, the girl is a combination of Helen Morgan and Fuzzy Knight. Possessing a voice that, without a P.A. system, is audible throughout a house as large as the Chinese, she handles ballads like a veteran, and gets every note and word over with a personality that hits audiences.

It was in 1934 that Judy was "discovered." The Gumm Sisters had been working the Cal-Neva Lodge on Lake Tahoe and were packing the old reliable touring car for the return trip to Los Angeles after completing a four-week stand. While Judy was looking after some of Jimmy's hats, "Bones" Remer, one of the owners of the lodge, asked her to come into the casino and sing for some of his friends.

Judy, eager to oblige, asked if any of them could play the piano. One man allowed that he had some skill at the keyboard.

"Can you play 'Dinah'?" Judy wondered.

"I should be able to," the man smiled. "I wrote it."

He was songwriter Harry Akst. With him were Lou Brown, casting director for Columbia Pictures, and Al Rosen, a Hollywood agent. When Judy finished belting out a few songs for the men, Rosen handed her a slip of paper with his phone number on it.

Ethel wasted no time calling the agent when they returned to Los Angeles, and Rosen soon had Judy doing the rounds of the studios.

Lou Brown at Columbia seemed like the logical place to start, but Brown confessed to Rosen that he just did not know what they could do with a twelve-year-old girl. If Judy were five or eighteen, yes, but what parts were written for the in-between girls in the throes of early puberty? She was too big to be considered cute, and too young to carry a romantic interest. She sang great, but who wanted a kid who could just walk out and burst into song in the middle of a film?

One day Judy was working in the backyard, trying to coax a garden into being, when her father answered a call from Al Rosen.

"They want to hear the kid at M-G-M," Rosen told

Frank Gumm. "They seem fairly interested. It's worth a try. Bring her in as soon as you can."

When Frank told Judy the news, she felt a moment of panic. Mother was off somewhere. She had to be found so that she could gussy up her baby just right for the scalding scrutiny of a casting director.

"But, Daddy," she wailed. "What should I wear? Find Momma!"

"You'll go just as you are," Frank Gumm said, ushering his youngest daughter toward the car. "Let's hurry!"

"But, Daddy," Judy complained, "I've got on my old gray slacks, my old white blouse, and I've got dirt smudged all over me. And look at my fingernails!"

Frank would not hear of their wasting a single moment's time on soap and a wardrobe change. Within an hour, he was playing the piano for Judy's exuberant rendition of "Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart."

Jack Robbins, talent chief of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, seemed unaffected by her dirty and disheveled appearance, but he was enormously impressed by Judy's voice. He summoned Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer's personal secretary. Miss Koverman listened to Judy do another number, then she went to bring Roger Edens, the lot's rehearsal piano player, into the audition room.

After Judy sang "Zing!" to Edens' more professional accompaniment, Robbins, Miss Koverman, and Edens went into a huddle in a corner of the room. "I think you should call *him*," Judy overheard Edens say in a insistent whisper.

Miss Koverman went to a telephone, started to pick it up, cradled it again, then nodded her head vigorously and spoke softly into the mouthpiece. "He's coming!" she said when she had set the receiver back on the stand. The pronouncement was made with the same reverence and awe of a fundamentalist preacher announcing the Resurrection.

"Who's coming?" Judy asked Robbins, her wide eyes making no effort to blink back curiosity.

"Mr. Mayer is coming to hear you sing," Robbins told her, the same reverential tone in his voice as the one used by Miss Koverman.

"Who's Mr. Mayer?" Judy turned to ask her father.

Before the M-G-M employees could cope with such unheard of irreverence and ignorance, a stocky, scowling man exploded into the room surrounded by a corps of secretaries.

"This had better be good," he growled at Ida Koverman. "I don't have enough to do without I gotta come listen to a kid sing."

He squatted on a chair, nodded at Edens to begin. Edens hit a few introductory notes, and Judy once again launched into her spirited interpretation of "Zing!" Mayer's facial expression never altered. His mask of professional detachment and studied boredom could not be broken. When Judy hit the last note, Mayer stood up and left the room without uttering a word, his secretaries following after him like pilot fish on the tail of their favorite shark.

"Let's get out of here, Baby," Frank Gumm told his puzzled daughter.

Judy shrugged, followed her father out to the automobile. So she had chalked up another big zero. So what?

Two weeks later, Judy Garland was under contract to M-G-M. She had created so much excitement in the upper echelons that, in her case, they had dispensed with the obligatory screen test. Judy Garland had entered the cage with the shaggy-maned, roaring lion of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Chapter Two

OFF TO SEE THE WIZARD AND THE ROARING LION

E. Y. "Yip" Harburg, a lyricist, worked with Harold Arlen, composer, and Noel Langely, writer, on the script for *The Wizard of Oz.* It was Harburg's job to develop and write lyrics which would fit the characters of Dorothy, the Tin Woodsman, the Scarecrow, the Cowardly Lion, and other assorted denizens who dwelt along the yellow brick road.

Dorothy was a little girl from the prairie state of Kansas, a place where little color existed. Lyricist Harburg had to ask himself just what a child in such an environment would most want. The only thing in her rather bleak world that was at all colorful was an occasional rainbow.

Essentially, it seemed to Harburg, Dorothy was yearning for precisely what the great majority of people forever seek in vain—something more vital, more exciting, more satisfying than their drab existence. Harold Arlen worked up a wistful melody which the team decided to name "Over the Rainbow." The song would serve the purpose of providing a musical expression of the emotional yearnings which motivated Dorothy into the dream-fantasy of the journey to Oz.

Lyricist Harburg remembered Judy as a child who had the unusual ability to project a song into the very inner self of the listener. Judy sang to the tear ducts, as well as to the ears.

Harburg's candid recollection of Judy and the Hollywood dream, as interpreted by the M-G-M lion, speaks strongly of the harsh world of reality so often masked by the celluloid gauze of musical fantasy. Harburg has been quoted as saying that Judy was regarded as a commodity to be used for exploitation. When the movie moguls saw that they had a money-maker on their hands, they used her to the hilt, "unwisely and inhumanely," with, apparently, no regard for the proper psychological treatment of a human being. According to Harburg, the studio wanted to squeeze every ounce of profit they could get out of the ripe plum known as Judy Garland.

Another critic of Hollywood's treatment of the diminutive star did not speak out until after Judy's interment in Ferncliff Cemetery in Hartsdale, New York. According to Harry J. Anslinger, the former U.S. commissioner of narcotics, Judy Garland would be alive and still a star if it had not been for "those vultures in Hollywood."

In an interview with Art Petacque, in the Chicago *Sun-Times,* Anslinger told for the first time how he had personally tried to redeem Judy from the drug habit that finally snuffed out her life. The retired commissioner of narcotics related how he had once recommended to a high echelon executive of M-G-M that Judy be given a year's rest because of her drug dilemma. According to Anslinger, the top M-G-M brass rejected his suggestion on the ground that ". . . we have $14,000,000 tied up in her."

If others were exploiting Judy as a commodity and draining every ounce of profit from the last drop of her pill-thinned blood, Judy herself never managed to hang on to very much money. A few years before her death, Judy appraised her financial worth. She had, by her estimation, earned about $10 million in salary and royalties from motion pictures, concerts, recordings, and television. She had garnered hundreds of millions of dollars more for the companies for which she had labored. But, she complained, "I never saw most of the money I earned. At one time I was one of the greatest movie stars—with the most ragged underwear in town. I didn't own one petticoat without a rip in it somewhere."

Judy blamed her mother for establishing the pattern which led to her perpetual state of financial storm and stress. Judy remembers Ethel Gumm as a woman who had a notorious talent for mishandling money. When Judy was put under contract to M-G-M and received the first steady income of her career, the Gumms lived in a four-unit apartment building. Young Judy casually suggested that they might buy the apartment building as an investment and rent the other three flats.

"Mother hit me in the mouth and invested the money in a nickel mine in Needles, California," Judy told a friend. "No one has ever found that nickel mine and we never got one single nickel of our investment back."

When Judy went to work for M-G-M in 1935, she was thirteen years old, pudgy around the middle, and as spirited and as healthy as a pony. She was not particularly pretty, but her principal assets, according to Roger Edens, M-G-M's rehearsal director, were the perfect anatomy for a singer, built around a "super-muscle of a diaphragm," and a voice so completely natural, so rich, and so pure, that it could unnerve hardened musicians. Judy never did learn to read music, but she was bright and cheerful and blessed with a memory that was nearly perfect.

Judy was under contract for almost two years before she made her first feature picture. During her "growing" period, she went to school on the lot, roller-skated with another girl singer, Deanna Durbin, and picked up large dosages of clever professionalism from her old friend, Mickey Rooney, who was carving out massive chunks of popularity for himself at box offices throughout the nation.

Frank Gumm died three months after Judy signed with the roaring lion. It was a sudden death—spinal meningitis—and it occurred on Ethel's birthday. Judy was at a radio studio about to appear on a show with Al Jolson when the doctor, a good friend of her father, called to ask her to sing especially well for Dad that night. Somehow, Judy knew that her father was dying. She belted out her songs with extra gusto, but nothing could have saved Frank Gumm's life that night. He was listening to the songs of angels, not the swing tunes of his little Frances.

Judy was stricken with guilt when she found herself unable to shed real tears at her father's funeral. With friends and relatives assembled for Frank Gumm's interment, it would have been scandalous for the sweet baby daughter not to have been able to give an ample, moist, visible token of her sorrow. Judy kept resurrecting mental images of her handsome father with his sense of humor, his Irish ballads, the early bedtime ritual, the good times they had shared, vainly hoping that such memories would prime the pumps of her tear ducts. Nothing.

Ever the trouper, Judy faked a copious flow of tears for the benefit of the gathered mourners. Then, eight days later, the painful actuality of her father's passing at last became very real for her. Judy locked herself in a bathroom and cried for fourteen hours.

Louis B. Mayer decided Judy ought to be seasoned with more public appearances before she was assigned to her first film role. Roger Edens accompanied Judy to New York for the opening at Loew's State Theater.

Edens was in the orchestra pit so that he might play special material which he had written for the M-G-M stable kid. Judy came wobbling out on high-heeled shoes and managed to finish a stony rendition of *Take Me Back to Manhattan.* Polite applause encouraged her to try the more difficult foreign language arrangement which Edens had worked out for her. As stage-fright incorporated more vibrato than was necessary into the number, Judy was fast losing the sympathy of the audience.

Then, Edens remembered, a baby began to cry somewhere up in the balcony, its keening wail striking precisely the note with which Judy was struggling. The audience began to laugh. Judy took a deep breath, opened her mouth, but the next note refused to come out. Edens feared that the teenager would panic.

"She didn't," Edens said later. "She broke in that special infectious little girl grin of hers and began to giggle. The audience began to roar as they laughed along with Judy. I had never heard such an ovation for an unknown kid as she got."

Roger Edens has always remembered the *original* Judy, not the Judy Garland of the repetitious comeback syndrome. He cherishes the memory of an unspoiled kid, always ready to laugh, especially at herself. A young girl unfailingly surprised and thankful whenever anybody did her a good turn. A girl-woman unhesitatingly affectionate and starved for love and affection. A gifted performer fully cognizant of her great talent and so grateful for the blessing that had been bestowed upon her.

In 1936, Judy was teamed with Deanna Durbin in a two-reeler called *Every Sunday.* Deanna's option was dropped at M-G-M after this short and Universal

snapped her up. Louis B. Mayer was furious that they had released Durbin, and he snorted around his cigar that Metro had a teenager who was just as damn good. But instead of giving Judy the full roaring lion treatment, M-G-M lent her to 20th Century Fox for *Pigskin Parade.*

Judy made twelve big pictures in her teens and was relentlessly worked by the M-G-M movie machine. Louis B. Mayer had a special fondness for stories in which children appeared or were the principal protagonists. According to his biographer, Bosley Crowther: "Mayer figured the development of child actors was an excellent way of training future adult stars. The intelligence of his theory is thoroughly supported by the number of popular players that started young at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Judy Garland, Elizabeth Taylor, Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew, Lana Turner, Peter Lawford, Ann Rutherford, Kathryn Grayson . . . were fledged as teenage tyros under the cozy contemplation of Mayer."

Mayer may have shown a strong predilection for kid movies, but he seldom evidenced any real affection for his kid stars. The youngsters were driven hard, without let-up, and the movie mogul always made them keenly aware that they were competing against each other and the race belonged to the swift and to the slender of figure and physique.

"Everything at M-G-M was competitive," Judy often remarked. "Until M-G-M I had enjoyed being myself. I had been judged by my talent, but in the movies, beauty was the standard of judgment—and I was painfully aware that I didn't have it. I began to dislike the me I saw reflected in my mirror, especially when I had the real beauties on the lot, like Lana Turner, with whom to compare myself."

Judy's greatest personal struggle was with her weight. Most of the kids could work off those extra pounds, but not Judy. To her perpetual lamentation, sweets seemed to stick to her ribs and no amount of sweating and bouncing could jar them off. To make matters worse, the strenuous dance schedules burned up energy and added an extra edge to her craving for sweets. Her idea of a good time was a caramel sundae at Wil Wright's ice-cream parlor.

Mother Ethel did nothing to abate Judy's hunger for love, affection, and security. Mrs. Gumm tried to make a substitute father image for Judy out of Louis B. Mayer. Judy was hardly taken with the idea of the stern, tyrannical man usurping the role which had been played in low-key by her fun-loving, temperamental father.

Blackout Number One.

Scene: A living room. Judy and her mother are seated on a sofa, stage center.

Ethel: Have you been sneaking candy bars again? Don't lie to me!

Judy: Mama, I'm so hungry. . . .

Ethel: (Interrupting) And so fat! You know what Mr. Mayer said about you eating candy. Do you want me to call him right now on the phone and let him know that you've been eating candy? Should I? Should I call him right now, Baby? Do you know what he would say to you? Do you know how he would shout at you? Answer me!

Blackout Number Two

Scene: The office of an M-G-M executive. Judy is seated stage right, her head hung low in humiliation.

The executive, seated behind a desk, stage center, is speaking.

Executive: Judy, you are getting so fat that you look like some ugly little hunchback.

Judy: I'm sorry, sir, I . . . (tears interrupt her apologies)

Executive: (In an unctuous, pseudo-soothing manner) Now, now, Judy, you know that everyone here loves you. But you're so fat that you look like a grotesque little monster. This isn't Universal, you know. You really wouldn't like to go over there and make monster movies, would you?

Blackout Number Three

Scene: A sound stage. Judy is in costume for a musical production number. She has slumped against one of the male dancers. The director comes angrily to stage right.

Director: What in hell are you doing, young lady? Where in the script does it call for a waltz number?

Judy: I'm just too hungry to go on. I must have something to eat. I'm tired and I'm exhausted, and I'm *starved!* (She begins to weep semi-hysterically)

Director: (Hands on hips in classic pose of impatience) Get on with it! Just keep moving and you won't feel hungry. Get on with it!

Blackout Number Four

Scene: A studio cafeteria. Judy is seated at a table stage center. A waitress enters from stage left to take her order.

Judy: I would like an order of . . .

Waitress: (Interrupting her) Sorry Miss Garland, but Mr. Mayer has said that you are permitted only a small bowl of chicken soup for lunch.

Judy: (Tears of frustration welling in her eyes) But I'm starved. I'm famished. I've got to have some food. Lots of food. I need energy for that tough dance number after lunch. Look at the other dancers. Look at their plates . . . heaped with food . . . lots of good food!

Waitress: I'm sorry, Miss Garland, but I have my orders. One bowl of chicken soup. Look, I feel real sorry for you, but I don't want to lose my job. Mr. Mayers says whoever feeds you more than a small bowl of chicken soup gets fired. Look, how's about I bring a couple crackers with your soup?

When Judy was eighteen, she made a desperate bid for freedom and insisted upon moving into an apartment of her own where she might find some surcease from the unsleeping, unblinking, ever-watchful eye of her mother. Happily, Judy asked a young woman she thought was a good friend to share the apartment with her. Later, Judy could remember crying for days when she learned that her roommate was a studio spy who had been paid to report to the front office each week with a detailed list of the foods which Judy had eaten and the friends she had seen.

Judy found that the only way that she could keep her weight down was to take pills which would act as appetite depressants. But the amphetamines made her nervous, jittery, hyperactive, and the only way that she could calm down and get necessary sleep was to take sleeping pills at bedtime.

"For years I went to bed with pills and got up with pills," Judy said. "Every day I went to work with tears in my eyes. Work gave me no pleasure. The studio had become a haunted house to me. It was all I could do to keep from screaming every time the director looked at me."

While Judy's nerves were being worn to a paper-thin edge on the set, the M-G-M publicity department was turning out such handout promotional pap as:

> America's "next red-hot mamma"—that's what Sophie Tucker calls little Judy Garland, who's sung her way to swing fame in three hit movies, yet doesn't want to be a singer. She wants to be a dramatic actress like Bette Davis, her favorite. But she's only 14, and there's lots of time ahead. Still takes her teddy bear to bed, makes fudge, goes roller skating, and thinks Hollywood is like any small town. Judy's the neighborhood ping-pong champion, and can beat the kids at golf and tennis, too. Intends to marry a man who's a mixture of Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Robert Donat, Charles Boyer—and perhaps Benny Goodman. Hates two-faced people, onions, dances, and fruitcake.

Ah, what tangled webs publicity departments weave when first they practice to deceive. Imagine the girl they called "little leather-lungs," the girl who delightedly sang at the slightest encouragement, not really wanting to be a singer. And what would she have given for the opportunity to be able to make some fudge—and to have been able to eat it! As far as her athletic prowess was concerned, the neighborhood ping-pong champ, the whiz at golf and tennis was too busy being drilled in her latest song-and-dance number to have time for such frivolities with "normal" teen-aged American children.

There was seldom any vacation for the singing, dancing Judy doll. Wind her up, put a pill in her mouth, and watch her perform.

And when the studio executives and established stars relaxed, they called upon young Judy to entertain them.

Judy once remarked to a friend how she and Deanna Durbin would often be carted off to some biggie's party.

"We would be hauled over and we would wait with the servants until we were summoned into the drawing room. Here we would sing and dance and clown for the amusement of the important stars and the studio executives. We never got a cent for this. We would get a dish of ice cream—and it would invariably be melted!"

In April of 1938, Judy Garland revisted her home town of Grand Rapids, Minnesota, where she had been born nearly sixteen years before as Frances Gumm. Upon receiving word of Judy's death in London on June 22nd, Bob McNamara of WCCO TV, Minneapolis, talked to those people in Grand Rapids who remembered Judy's only return to the place of her birth.

"I was supposed to take her out to a night club where the young people of her age went for a party for her, she being a dignitary of Grand Rapids at this time," Claude Titus told McNamara. "She was a very fine young girl then. She hadn't been affected by the Hollywood society. We enjoyed her very much at this time. She was a straightforward, honest young lady."

Wally Aiken remembered the Gumm family: "I never thought her family was too happy. She [Judy] grew up too fast. She was too successful at too early an age."

When McNamara asked Claude Titus how he felt about all the years of adverse publicity concerning Judy Garland, Titus said: "Well, I try to remember the young, very nice girl who came to Grand Rapids at this time and try to forgive a little of the pressures that Hollywood brings on such people with the tremendous drive that is necessary to gain their place in stardom in Hollywood. I think a lot of people in Grand Rapids are willing to forget and forgive some of the things that Judy did, but certainly not everything. But [remembering her homecoming in 1938] she was a very, very fine young lady."

The "very, very fine young lady" had been on pills for nearly two years when she made her visit to Grand Rapids. By the time Judy was seventeen and making *Babes in Arms* with Mickey Rooney, she was often operating in an extensively drug-controlled environment. In 1964, Judy wrote in *McCall's*:

"When we were in production, they had us [she and Mickey Rooney] working days and nights on end. They'd give us pep-up pills to keep us on our feet long after we were exhausted. Then they'd take us to the studio hospital and knock us cold with sleeping pills—Mickey sprawled out on one bed, and me on another. Then, after four hours, they'd wake us up and give us the pep-up pills again, so we could work another seventy-two hours in a row. Half the time, we were hanging from the ceiling, but it became a way of life for us."

While most might argue that such a way of life could just barely be considered living, Judy testified that such a pill-popping regimen went on all the time during her servitude to M-G-M. "And it started," she remembered, "when I was just fourteen and the executives were concerned about my weight."

Shocking and illusion-bursting as it is to contemplate, the sweet, wide-eyed Dorothy, who skipped and sang her way down the yellow brick road to see the Wizard of Oz, was given the energy to combat the wicked witch of the West by regular dosages of pep pills.

And if negotiations with Twentieth Century Fox had been successful, Mervyn LeRoy would have had Shirley Temple skipping off to see the wonderful phoney Magus instead of Judy. Strange indeed are the workings of Fate and the making of Hollywood legends. It was in the role of the Kansas innocent that Judy Garland truly carved out her secure niche in cinema history and assured herself of a long-lasting foot-print in the ever-shifting sands of temporal immortality. One can only wonder what the film career of Shirley Temple would be today if it were she who came skipping in to the nation's living rooms each year with the lovable trio of Scarecrow, Cowardly Lion, and Tin Woodsman. Would the most famous child star of our time continue to live in relative obscurity, with occasional forays into politics, or would her annual ethereal presence on the pilgrimage to Oz encourage her to resume her acting career?

At any rate, according to the Legend, LeRoy spotted Judy playing in the Metro schoolyard and knew that he had found Dorothy. "She's a natural for the part," Mr. LeRoy is said to have remarked.

But first of all, the "natural" for the part was required to have caps fitted to her teeth, a new nose shaped for her face, and a blonde wig (ha-ha, Shirley Temple! So we couldn't meet your price, eh?) fashioned to cover her own brunette locks. Then, after shooting had been in process for three weeks, LeRoy decided that the pasteup kid performer did not look like Dorothy at all and closed down the set. After being prodded, poked, and pummeled in front of a full-length mirror in the wardrobe department, Judy was allowed to look basically like Judy for the Hejira to the Emerald City.

Ray Bolger, the last surviving member of the quartet that did battle with Margaret Hamilton's Wicked Witch, remembers Judy as a beautiful child. Bolger, the Scarecrow, recalls that Judy never tried to upstage the adult actors during the filming of *Oz*. "She worked with you, not against you," Bolger said. "The moment that I saw that lovely child, I thought to myself, 'That's Dorothy!' "

Once, while reminiscing with Johnny Carson on NBC's *Tonight* show, Judy said that the male members of the miniscule Munchkins also found her lovely, but they did not regard her as a child. "They were always pinching me and squeezing me and asking me for dates," Judy giggled. "What a bunch of dirty little old men!"

Ken Darby, the vocal arranger for *Oz*, recalls working with Judy as "marvelous . . . I had no problems with her." Darby's primary difficulties lay in finding suitable voices for the Munchkins and the spear-bearing slaves of the Wicked Witch. Today's magnetic tapes would soon solve the vocal problem, but in 1939, there were no set methods for accomplishing such special audio effects. Darby achieved the solution by cutting a special gear in the recording machine and by playing the records at faster or slower speeds, depending on the singers and their characterization in the script.

Seven directors worked on *The Wizard of Oz* before the film was finally completed by Victor Fleming. Judy received a special Academy Award for her performance and the coveted invitation to dip her feet in wet cement outside of Grauman's Chinese Theater.

When Judy turned nineteen, she married David Rose, as much, she admitted later, to get out from under the watchful eye of her mother and the domination of the studio as for love. David, however, Judy complained to friends, was primarily interested in composing music, such as his famous "Holiday for Strings," and in playing with his toy trains.

David could not fight the big, powerful roaring lion that was M-G-M. "We had a wonderful marriage until my professional life tore us apart," Judy once observed. Their happiness lasted less than a year and a half. The inexorable schedules of M-G-M would not permit Judy to stop working long enough to be a wife.

On the night of her twenty-first birthday, Judy made the decision to go into analysis. She never boasted about her formal education or her intellect, but she had the steady, gnawing feeling that something was wrong inside her psyche. For over five years, Judy rose each morning at five so that she might see her psychiatrist at six o'clock and be able to make the studio makeup call at seven.

"Imagine," she chuckled, looking back on her analysis years later for *McCall's*, "whipping out of bed, dashing over to the doctor's office, lying down on a torn leather couch, telling my troubles to an old man who couldn't hear, who answered me with an accent I couldn't understand, and then dashing to Metro to make movie love to Mickey Rooney."

Judy confessed that she could never "associate freely" with the psychiatrist because she felt so very self-conscious. Sometimes she made up stories that she thought he might like to hear and she would rehearse them on her way to his office.

There was another marriage, this time to director Vincente Minnelli. There was a daughter Liza. And there were pills and dances and songs and pills and early morning makeup calls and pills . . . and . . . *Babes on Broadway* . . . pills . . . *For Me and My Gal* . . . Andy Hardy . . . pills . . . *Meet Me in St. Louis* . . . pills . . . and then . . .

Scene: A small, bare little room. Judy is lying on bed. She awakens slowly, looks around the room, her eyes momentarily dilated with fear. She does not know where she is. A nurse enters the room.

Nurse: And how are we today, Miss Garland?

Judy: *Where* are we today?

Nurse: Have we forgotten that we are getting a good rest? Just what the doctor ordered.

Judy: Oh, yeah. I'm in the sanitarium. I'm right next

to Ward Ten . . . the violent ward where they put the real loonies. When do I graduate to dear old Ward Ten?

Nurse: Now we mustn't talk that way. Are you going to leave your bungalow today and go for a walk on the lawn?

Judy: (Her hands flutter in self-conscious movements. She feels awkward mingling with the other patients. They often gather in front of her bungalow and she has spoken to some of them. Not one seems demented in the layman's conception of the term. There are some alkys, some drug addicts, others who have suffered severe emotional strain.) I . . . I don't know. I think I would rather stay inside today.

Nurse: (While she has been speaking to Judy she has been quietly searching the room. She has examined every bottle, every drawer, sorted through Judy's clothing.) The other patients feel that you may not like them. You really should. . . .

Judy: (Suddenly turning, catching the nurse in the act of opening a drawer.) What are you doing? What are you looking for?

Nurse: Why nothing, Miss Garland. I'm just straightening your things.

Judy: You were checking for pills, weren't you? Every day you come in here and snoop around for pills. Well, look . . . I don't have any pills; I don't have any booze; I don't have any . . .

Fadeout

Scene: Judy awakens in the same little room to find three men standing at the foot of her bed. Her hair is disheveled. She blinks at the clock on the nightstand. It is seven o'clock in the morning. She feels anger at the intrusion, but she dare not show it. A temperamental display could keep her there another two months. She feels embarrassed because of her appearance. Slovenliness can also earn one demerit on the psychological charts. But, she decides, at seven in the morning, only in the movies do people wake up looking beautiful.

First Doctor: We're sorry to awaken you, Miss Garland, but may we talk to you?

Judy: Why, of course. (Forcing a smile) What can I do for you?

Second Doctor: We would just like to ask you a few questions.

Judy: All right. Ask a few questions.

Third Doctor: Do you ever see things, Miss Garland?

Judy: What do you mean, see things?

First Doctor: You know, *things.*

Judy: Well, I *see* things, but what kind of things do you mean?

Third Doctor: Crawling things. Snakes, lizards, insects, rodents. . . .

Second Doctor: Do you see them, perhaps, crawling over you while you lie in bed? Or have you ever seen them flying about the room?

First Doctor: Or do you ever hear them at night, burrowing in your walls?

Judy: Get out! Get out! How dare you come in here and ask me such questions! How dare you ask me if I see things like that! (Becoming hysterical) Stop treating me like a nut. Stop treating me as if I were insane. Get out! Get out! Get out. . . .

It may have been a visit by her two-year-old Liza that helped Judy pull herself back together and win her release from the sanitarium. Although her doctors prescribed more rest, Judy grew bored with nothing to

do. M-G-M suggested that they had the perfect cure for boredom. They put her back to work.

Another crash diet. More pills. Retakes on *The Pirate,* which had been sitting in the cans during her stay at the sanitarium, then into *Easter Parade.*

Judy was often to wonder how she ever got through *Easter Parade* alive. M-G-M kept promising her a vacation as soon as shooting was finished on the film. Metro did keep its promise in a manner of speaking. They sent Judy to another expensive rest home for seclusion and withdrawal from the pills which she had been forced to take to maintain the exhaustive regimen on which she had been placed.

When the doctors gave the high sign, Judy was declared rested and put back to work. The young woman had become a kind of trained animal that responded to the hoop waved in front of her by doctors and employers. When the hoop was lifted and a bell rang, Judy obediently jumped through the circle. But whereas trained animals are highly prized and rewarded with choice and tasty tidbits, Judy was rewarded with crash diets and strenuous rehearsals.

Migraine headaches. Nights without sleep. Pills. Quarrels with Vincente. Pills. Lectures from L. B. Mayer. Fred Astaire and *The Barkleys of Broadway.* Pills. Terrible headaches. Pills for the headaches, pills to put her to sleep, pills to keep her awake, pills to make her lose her appetite, pills to help her keep her strength.

She was fired from *The Barkleys of Broadway.* "Ungrateful," "Uncooperative," "Temperamental." So read the newspapers when they referred to Judy. Not a one said, "Tired," "Ill," "Exhausted," "Exploited."

Ginger Rogers replaced Judy, and no one would talk to Judy Garland when she tried to call the studio.

"Sorry, Mr. Mayer is not in his office today."

"Sorry, there is an executive meeting right now. Shall I have him return your call?"

But the return calls never came, and all the Metro executives were "out of town," "not on the lot today," or "in conference," whenever Judy tried to telephone them. She got the message.

Her doctor gave her six months to live.

Why?

"Because you have strong suicidal tendencies, Judy. You are definitely a potential suicide."

Suddenly all was forgiven. M-G-M had purchased Irving Berlin's hit musical *Annie Get Your Gun.*

"We want *you* for this picture, Judy!"

"This play was written for you, baby!"

The trade papers and the Press errupted with Judy. Judy was a natural for the role. Everybody wanted Judy for the role. Judy was Annie Oakley. "I can just hear you belting out those great songs, kid! We bought this property for you!"

"But I'll have to learn an accent!"

So learn it.

"But I've always been afraid of guns!"

So we'll teach you how to shoot!

"But I've put on weight!"

So take a pill and lose the flab!

"But my head aches!"

So take a pill.

"And I can't sleep."

So take a pill.

"I'm sick."

So . . .

"I know. I know! So take a pill. My name is Judy

Garland. I'm in the middle of a million-dollar property, and I have a million-dollar wardrobe, and I have a million eyes on me night and day, and I don't know what the hell I'm doing. It's like I'm living a terrible, desperate, dizzy dream. And I open my mouth to sing, and nothing comes out right. And I move my feet to dance, and my feet are like lead."

Judy was fired again. This time she was sent to Peter Bent Brigham hospital in Boston. She was placed on a diet of three light meals a day and plenty of rest.

Twelve weeks later, she was in Joe Pasternak's new picture, *Summer Stock.*

"You're too fat, Judy!"

"Get the lard off, Judy!"

"Weight today, one-oh-five. One hundred and five pounds. Better, but you're still too fat, Judy. Better take some of those pills."

"The rushes today looked terrible, kid. Hit that diet!"

The migraine headaches returned with their vise-like fury. The sleepless nights were even more hideous than the terrible drug-induced nightmares that came when she did fall asleep. But at least time passed while she was sleeping.

When Judy finished *Summer Stock*, she was a terribly sick woman. She took off for Carmel for a long rest.

She had been there two and a half weeks when she received a call from M-G-M. They wanted her back at once to replace pregnant June Allyson in *Royal Wedding.*

"It was one of the great really classic mistakes of my life," Judy said later, "but it seemed to me that since I had been so humiliated by M-G-M and the newspapers, I would make everything turn out all right if I went back to work. I didn't have to, but I wanted to show them all."

Things did not work out that way.

Judy plunged into her work with a gusto that veterans on the Metro lot had not seen since her first films. She sliced off weight and saw that the pounds stayed off while she sweated her way through mastering seven dance routines and a good many song numbers.

Then it all caught up with her. The migraine headaches . . . the weakness brought on by the strict diet . . . the sleepless nights . . . pills . . . pills. . . pills. . . .

This time when M-G-M fired her, Judy became hysterical and was placed in bed under sedation. She had tried so hard. Why had they forsaken her?

On a sunny June morning in 1950, Judy put down a newspaper filled with insinuations about her illness, her personal life, her career, and went into the bathroom. She locked the door, broke a drinking glass, and slashed at one of her wrists with the jagged edge.

Whimpering softly with pain, Judy left a trail of blood as she staggered back to her bed. She lay down, closed her eyes, and waited to die.

She did not die, but it was the first of a number of suicide attempts. The tragedy is that no one really listened to those terrible cries for help.

Chapter Three

JUDY AND MICKEY — AMERICA'S SWEETHEARTS

Although they disappointed millions of Romantics around the world, Andy Hardy (Mickey Rooney) never had an off-camera love affair with Betsy Booth (Judy

Garland). In his *I.E. an Autobiography,* Mickey Rooney tells of the time his mother asked the oft-married, pocket-sized Romeo why he never wed Judy Garland. "I couldn't do it," he told her. "It would be like marrying my sister."

In 1939, tow-haired, homely Mickey Rooney was the top male box office draw in the motion picture industry. On the distaff side, Bette Davis was followed by Deanna Durbin in second place. Judy's popularity was not yet on that lofty plateau, but her recording of "Over the Rainbow" was the biggest-selling phonograph record of 1939, and her work in *The Wizard of Oz* had been recognized by a special juvenile Oscar.

Rooney had brought $8,000,000 into Metro's till that year, and Garland had created a motion picture classic, yet according to Judy, they were treated like poor relatives. "There seemed to be a conspiracy to keep us from knowing that we were really of any value to the studio—or to ourselves," Judy once remarked.

Mickey had come up through the ranks and was the complete professional performer by the time other boys were receiving their first bicycles. Earlier, he had been Mickey McGuire in a series of popular comedies. A tough little guy with an out-sized derby, a chocolate cigar, and cocked fists, Mickey changed his real name (Joe Yule, Jr.) to that of his film alter ego at his producer's suggestion.

When Mickey found that he was suddenly too old to play the McGuire role at age twelve, he also discovered to his dismay that the producer owned his name. He became Mickey Rooney and firmly established himself in such pictures as *Captains Courageous* and *Ah, Wilderness* as "the greatest scene-stealer in the business." M-G-M saw that the cocky, pint-sized Rooney had an unmistakable Midas touch, and they signed him to a long-term contract and cast him as that snub-nosed Lothario of the puppy love set, Andy Hardy.

Judy always gave Mickey credit for helping her to understand what acting was really all about. Although she had been in vaudeville for ten years before she made her first film, she had never had to read a line.

Just before she was to appear in her first Andy Hardy picture, Mickey put his arm around her and told her, "Honey, you've got to believe in what you're doing. Make like you're singing as though you meant it. Live the part."

Judy nearly exhausted herself keeping up with the prodigious Rooney, but she did follow his advice. She began to speak the script's lines and sing her lyrics as if they belonged to her, as if they were her very own. When she had learned to do this, she found that she had also begun to understand timing, gestures, and coordination.

When Judy began to appear in the Andy Hardy series, she was pitted against quite an array of young beauties, who were all to vie for Andy's attention. Mickey has observed that Judy could not wiggle as seductively as the curvaceous Lana Turner, she could not swim as effortlessly as the statuesque Esther Williams, she could not purr as warmly as Donna Reed, she could not, perhaps, hit quite as high a note as Kathryn Grayson, but Judy had other things going for her.

"She could make any audience laugh or cry," says Rooney, "or, if she were so inclined, get them to stand up and throw silver dollars. . . . Her timing was like that of a chronometer. She could deliver a comic line with just the right comic touch, or say a poignant line slowly enough for poignancy to hit hard but still stay short of schmaltz."

Judy won the tough, young pro's respect, because she could turn on intensity the way he could turn on intensity; she could memorize great masses of script as well as he could; she could ad-lib as smoothly and naturally as "the greatest scene-stealer in the business."

Mickey remembers how Judy and he actually tried to rattle each other in scenes. If the scene called for Andy Hardy to whisper a sweet nothing into the girl's ear, he might lean forward to ask Judy if she were wearing a garter belt that day. Judy would not break up or miss a beat, but would get back at Rooney in a similar manner when it was her turn to whisper a coy maiden's reply.

"I couldn't rattle Judy and she couldn't rattle me," Rooney recalls. "God, we had fun."

Sometimes the two M-G-M moneymakers would sneak away to an amusement park where they could ride the roller coasters and wander through the fun house and the crowds. Their tremendous popularity usually spoiled their outings, however. It was impossible for Andy Hardy and Betsy Booth to go anywhere without being recognized and mobbed by eager masses wanting to touch, to talk, to ask for autographs.

Time's "Cinema" section, December 27, 1943, turned its attention to Judy and Mickey and their performances both on and off camera during the filming of *Girl Crazy.*

When Judy first arrived at M-G-M in 1935, Mickey Rooney took the neophyte in tow and showed her the ropes at the studio. He took her to picnics, to the beach. When Judy was nervous about starting a scene in *Love Finds Andy Hardy,* her first big part, Mickey kissed her roundly on both cheeks.

"He's been doing it ever since," *Time* tattled, "but Judy, unimpressed by Rooney as a romance, finds Rooney the man, 'wonderful, one of my closest friends.'

"She even likes the Rooney ribbing and the Rooney wit," the magazine went on. Mickey's chimp imitation out of sight of the director never once made Judy break up and spoil the take with a laugh. Once, during the shooting of *Babes in Arms*, while Judy was catching a cat-nap in her dressing room, Mickey planted a smoke-pot at the door sill, yelled, "Fire!" and dashed a glass of water in her face as she ran out.

"Sometimes Miss Garland retaliates. When making *Girl Crazy*, she appeared in white calfskins, and Mickey quipped: 'You look like a vanilla ice cream cone.' Miss Garland measured Mickey's scarlet-chapped 5′2″, riposted: 'You look like a rationed bottle of catsup.' "

In 1963, the two old friends were reunited on a CBS set in Hollywood. The occasion was the filming of the first show of Judy's new weekly television series. "I can't do the first one with anybody but Mickey," she had insisted. "He's my partner."

On that first day of taping, a balding, slightly paunchy Mickey Rooney of 42 walked onto the set followed by a thin, nervous Judy Garland of 41. Mickey had weathered four unhappy marriages; Judy was nearing the end of her third try at connubial bliss. While they reminisced between takes, Mickey grinned at Judy and said, "Hey, Legend. We should have made *Days of Wine and Roses* together."

When the final taping of the show had been put in the cans, the two stars acknowledged a thunderous ovation from the audience. "This is the love of my life," Mickey said, taking Judy's hand. "There isn't an adjective in the world to express my love for Judy. She's Judy, and that's all there is to say."

Mickey had more to say on that sorrowful morning when he learned of Judy's death. "She was a great talent and a great human being. She is—I am sure—at peace, and has found the rainbow. At least I hope she has."

Chapter Four

INTO THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS

"I never had a chance to live by the rules," Judy admitted a few years ago, during a rare moment of self-appraisal. She was sitting across from a magazine writer in a fashionable New York cocktail lounge and her bloodshot eyes were strained and anxious as they darted back and forth around the room. There were circles around her eyes and they appeared as two black beads pressed into sunken lumps of darkening, gray dough.

She was embarrassed by her thin, gaunt appearance, and her scrawny, bird-like hands frequently stroked her taut face in a nervous, jerking gesture. She turned in the booth and caught sight of her image in a wall mirror. For an instant, there was a glimpse of honest fear on her face. Then she regained control of her emotions and the mask of the super-star slid back into place. In that fleeting instant, it was as if the girl on the yellow brick road realized that she had been detoured onto a deadlier death's highway.

Judy had just completed a series of tiresome physical tests at a well-known hospital. She had been weak and frail, nerves stretched to a screaming edge when she entered the institution. The doctors and their assistants had probed, prodded, and poked, shaking their heads in collective amazement. By any standard, she was still a young woman. But her medical charts reflected none of her chronological youth. Physically, she was a tired old woman. Her physicians had warned her about the wild, reckless manner in which she punished her body with drugs and alcohol.

"They told me to quit drinking and stay off the pills," Judy rasped. Her voice was tight and sharp and seemed ready to break, like the death snap of a taut violin string.

She reached across the table, grasped a large bottle of *Blue Nun Liebfraumilch* and poured a glass of the wine. "Life has been like riding a roller coaster. It's always been working like the devil to stay on top, or working just as hard to get back up to star billing. Up and down. That's Judy. I've drunk too much. I've been too dependent on pills. There's always been someone wanting something and I've had to abuse my voice. You can't imagine the strain of concerts. They started me on pills to lose weight. Now I'm emotionally bankrupt and a physical wreck. Do you ever take pills?"

The writer explained about the days when he was a magazine photographer, covering disasters, fast-breaking news stories, and special events. "I was just a kid then," he said. "But I still needed an occasional Dexedrine or Benzedrine pill to pull me through those days when things ran for twenty hours. A couple of days on pills and it usually required a week to recover."

"I made over twenty movies in twelve years," Judy said. "I was always fighting a weight problem. I never had those days to rest. It was always get out there and do your all for good ole M-G-M. I was a big box office draw, and the studio wanted to cash in while the public would pay to see me. I lived on pills.

"I was so hungry in those days that I used to hide food in my room," Judy admitted. "I was always frightened that my hoard of food might run out and I would starve

to death. You can imagine my happiness at finding a sympathetic teacher at the studio school. I almost fainted from hunger one morning at classes. She found out about my strict diet and, every morning, she gave me a handful of candy bars. On weekends, she smuggled in enough candy to keep me going until Monday morning. She also showed me how to slip through the back door of the studio restaurant. The people in the kitchen would fix me a sandwich and watch for producers or executives while I gobbled it down."

Understandably, Judy did not lose weight.

One afternoon, L. B. Mayer left his office and walked onto a sound stage where Judy was rehearsing a number. The tyrannical studio president stared in amazement at his protegee. "She's getting fatter!" he snapped.

"I think she's cheating on the diet," said a studio sycophant.

L. B. Mayer walked angrily off the set and called an aide to his office. In those days, M-G-M and the other studios were at the peak of the Hollywood star system. Often, movie stars were "T-n-T"—Time and Trouble. An actress might become depressed with a heavy work schedule and slash her wrists. A top box-office male star might be hit with a paternity suit. Another star might lap up the booze until someone was needed to dry out the studio's property in time to shoot his next picture.

Every studio employed a group of shadowy aides known on the lots as "Little Ricos." Their nickname came from a line in a gangster movie: The hero was righteously explaining puritan ethics to the gang boss. The gangster listened to the long speech, snapped his fingers, and a short, ugly man stepped into the room. The gangster boss snarled: "This is Little Rico; take care of this character, Rico!"

Hollywood's real life "Little Ricos" could fix a traffic ticket, sober up an actor or actress, or make life uncomfortable for anyone who stepped out of line. "They were not gangsters," said a former movie director. "They were salaried men, carefully selected by the studios for their ability to get a job done. Sometimes their methods were brutal and a little bit outside the law. The studios never asked questions. They gave them a job to do. Little Rico always performed."

L. B. Mayer turned Judy Garland's weight problem over to his personal "Little Rico." The aide slapped Judy on a rigid diet. He hired a nurse to be with her on a round-the-clock basis and he supplemented her will power with a big bottle of Benzedrine, a high-powered amphetemine pep pill. She shed pounds, slimmed down under the drug, and the stimulant provided the false energy to keep her moving through the rigid schedule.

From that moment, until she was fired by M-G-M and replaced by Jane Powell on *Royal Wedding*, Judy Garland was known as a "pillhead" to the cognoscenti in Hollywood. America's sweetheart popped a couple of amphetemines to get her bleary eyes open when she rose at six in the morning. By seven, she was down at the studio where the make-up technicians carefully applied cosmetics to erase the lines around her eyes and mouth.

By seven-thirty, she was rehearsing the scenes to be shot that day, and by eleven she was tired, wanting to curl up in a corner and go to sleep. Shortly before noon, a nurse would appear and give two capsules of amphetemine drugs to the fatigued young movie star. These pills suppressed Judy appetite and she usually rehearsed instead of eating lunch.

"L. B. Mayer had also found out about her method of getting a sandwich at the studio commissary," recalled a Hollywood producer. "Several people were fired in the kitchen and the help was under strict orders to bring her nothing but thin chicken broth. The poor girl could get more nourishement out of a soft drink."

In those days, she was "Judy-live-by-the-clock." After a rigorous noon rehearsal, the camera crews returned and several scenes were shot for another M-G-M musical. By two o'clock in the afternoon, Judy's nerves were on the raw edge of hysteria. Physically, she was drained of all energy by the heavy dosage of amphetemines. Yet, in order to meet the production schedules, she was usually required to go through another dance number or sing a couple of songs.

A nurse or physician was always standing by on the set—to give Judy a "pop" of morphine in the arm. This strong, highly addictive narcotic provided a temporary upsurge in her strained body. She could complete the day's shooting schedule.

By the time she was ready to leave the studio after twelve hours of hard work, Judy's nerves were ragged. The nurse or physician brought her back down from the drug-induced heights by giving her several phenobarbital pills. Then, like the March Hare in *Alice in Wonderland*, Judy had to dash home, dress for the evening, and drag her bone-weary body to night clubs for publicity purposes. This was the heyday of the Hollywood publicity mills, and an entire cult of fans eagerly clipped every fan-magazine item about Judy's "dream" life.

Judy began to drink heavily in public, and her various escapades found their way into print. For example, according to Cameron Shipp, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Judy made the headlines when she was at a night club with Frank Sinatra. A drunk called her a "dame" and Sinatra, sensitive and protective of his friends, swung at the man. To prove she was not a dame, Judy also pitched in with a few well-aimed blows.

When Judy was at her zenith in Hollywood, she lived with her mother in a beautiful twenty-one room mansion. There was the usual swimming pool and the fancy automobiles in the garage. "I never had time to swim in the pool," Judy remembered wistfully.

There was always something to do for the publicity people. After early successes, Judy was invited to join other great stars who had left their handprints in the cement in the forecourt of the Graumann's Chinese Theater.

A publicist took one glance at her hands and shuddered. "What have you done to your nails?"

"I bite them," Judy whispered. The pep pills kept her nerves on a raw edge and her nervous body had sought an outlet.

A manicurist was rushed from the make-up department and Judy was fitted with an expensive set of false nails. As the press photographers gathered around, Judy pressed her hands into the wet cement. Her false nails remained stuck fast when she lifted her hands out. A fast-thinking press agent retrieved the nails. Judy was still on drugs and she went into a hysterical crying jag over the incident. She stopped only after a massive dose of phenobarbital had been administered by a physician.

At midnight it was time to turn Judy off. Her nerves were bled raw by the various drugs pumped into her body during the day. She could sleep only by taking an enormous dose of paraldehyde.

As the drug numbed her brain, Judy drifted off to sleep with the knowledge that she would have to get up in six hours and re-run the entire schedule again.

Later, Judy went into psychoanalysis. "I know now that I was still looking for my father. Dad died shortly after I signed with M-G-M, and Mr. Mayer could have

been my substitute father, except he was nothing but a tyrant."

Judy's drug and drink problem led to her hospitalization on several occasions at famed Cedars of Lebanon hospital in Hollywood. "She was just pumped full of drugs when she was admitted," a doctor recalled. "She had also been drinking very heavily and was almost impossible to handle. One second she would be depressed and low. The next moment, she was hysterical, screaming at the nurses and throwing a tantrum."

After a week of heavy sedation, Judy's original personality began to emerge. "She showed genuine concern for everyone and left here with a happy, sunny personality."

Nevertheless, when her energy began to diminish, Judy went back on drugs again. She visited an addicted Hollywood physician who had been in trouble on several occasions, and who apparently returned Judy to her stimulant and sleeping pill routine.

It was in the early 1950s that Harry Anslinger, who retired as commissioner of narcotics in 1962 after thirty-two years in the position, became aware of Judy's dilemma, when a Los Angeles policeman came to his office seeking help for the star. The policeman made arrangements for Judy to meet Commissioner Anslinger.

"She said she was absolutely exhausted from a demanding schedule of movie-making," Anslinger informed journalist Art Petacque, of the *Chicago Sun-Times*. "I tried to convince Judy to end her ties with the physician who was supplying her with narcotics. She insisted that she 'needed him.'"

Next, Anslinger reported, he talked to a high executive at M-G-M. He told the executive that if M-G-M expected Judy to be a productive star in the future, the studio would have to provide her with at least a year's rest.

"A vacation simply isn't possible," the executive replied. "We have fourteen-million dollars tied up in this girl. She's the biggest asset the studio has at the moment."

Anslinger published the confrontation with the studio executive in a thinly disguised treatment in his excellent book, *The Murderers—The Story of the Narcotics Gangs,* written in collaboration with Will Oursler. In order to protect Judy's identity at the time, Anslinger referred to her as "one of our loveliest screen stars."

Anslinger asked the executive what they would do if the star tried to take her life, as she had attempted to do on several past occasions. What if she made an error and swallowed a few too many of her pills? What would happen then to the studio's big investment?

The executive merely shrugged and told him that they would have to take that chance.

The commissioner of narcotics countered with another argument: what if the star blew her top in her pill-fogged condition? If she suffered a mental breakdown, the picture on which she was working and the studio's millions would go down the drain.

In point of fact, that is what actually happened. Unable to function, she walked out on her next picture, *Royal Wedding,* while it was in progress. Jane Powell was brought in and the entire picture had to be reshot.

Judy accepted Commissioner Anslinger's advice and secured a competent physician who carefully weaned her off the drug habit. "It wasn't easy for the doctor," a friend of Judy's reported. "She had several addictions at the same time. Her habits were deeply entrenched, both physically and emotionally. However, she was finally able to get back to a normal life—without pills, booze, or drugs."

Her final movie of any stature was *A Star is Born,* made in 1954 and directed by George Cukor. It was the most expensive musical up to that date, a massive production that proved to be a grueling task for the fragile star. Warner Brothers was financing the film while Judy and her husband Sid Luft, were producing.

The film was in production trouble almost from the first moment the sound stages were opened. Judy insisted that all shooting should be done in the evening, although this meant the cast and crews had to be paid time-and-a-half.

An individual who was involved in the production of *A Star Is Born,* told about the production problems of the film: "For the first seven or eight months, Judy was really marvellous. Everyone had been frightened because we had heard the stories about her temperament and how she was absolutely impossible to work with, but she was very pleasant and seemed very happy. She looked great, was off drugs, and really worked quite well.

"But the production fell behind schedule and it was apparent the film would run well over the estimated budget. Judy began to show signs of nervousness and started arguing with her husband.

"One morning we came to work and there was a nurse on the set. In those days, when you had a nurse on the stage, it always meant that one of the stars in the film was on drugs. They were reaching back ten or fifteen years for a solution to their dilemma. If a Garland movie was in trouble, slap Judy on pills. Speed her up with pep pills. Slow her down with sleeping pills. Up, down. Run her like a robot."

Judy could not take the pills. A change of personality revealed her inner turmoil. "She became a different person altogether," the production man said. "Somewhere, in those final months of shooting *A Star Is Born*, Judy was shoved over the thin line into addiction. No one knows where his own thin line lies. You don't know it until you've crossed it and then it's too late. I believe Judy crossed over and she was never able to pull back out again."

"When we finally got the film completed, we had what I considered one of Garland's best performances," Director George Cukor said not long ago. "But the studio ran into trouble because the public thought the film was too long. So they butchered it. Absolute and total butchery. If I had been allowed to edit it myself, I could have sweated out forty minutes without anyone noticing. But they chopped it crudely, removing entire musical numbers intact. Two of Judy's best numbers were removed that way.

"And the tragedy is, they've disappeared," Cukor said. "Nobody knows what happened to them. To my knowledge, a complete print of the original version of *A Star Is Born* no longer exists. It is criminal, but what can you do?"

(Editor's Note: Evidently someone has found the cache of original prints since Cukor issued his complaint. On July 9, 1969, Leonard Lyons reported in his column "Lyons Den" that Warner Bros. would reissue *A Star Is Born* with the two missing numbers restored.)

Judy went back to Hollywood in 1967 to work in *Valley Of The Dolls*. There were persistent rumors that Jacqueline Susann, the book's author, had modeled one of her characters after Judy. Once again, a studio was ready to exploit the Garland mystique.

She never completed the picture. She was fired from the film after only a few weeks. "Judy was always late, or never even showed up on the set," said a studio official. "She seemed to be in a state of agitated emotional crisis and she was always flubbing lines."

"They fired me just to get some publicity," Judy claimed.

What really occurred was that Judy was trained during the era when Hollywood took infinite care to obtain a perfect take of a scene. This was particularly true at Judy's studio M-G-M, which was vitally concerned with the images of its female stars. Different camera angles, small changes in lighting, or new make-up would be tried again and again to improve a scene.

Judy Garland was trained to that system and, as a star, she was accustomed to this gloss of pefection. "But the idea was not to make her look good in *Valley*," reported a friend of Miss Garland. "They were hoping to present a ravaged, worn-out Judy—an old-before-her-time hag who would provide a few kicks for the people who read Miss Susann's book."

Judy was also doing scenes with actresses who had been trained in the fast-paced world of television. Performers raised on the video circuit learn to pick up dialog and get a scene correct on the first take. Both Patty Duke and Barbara Parkins of the *Valley* cast were veterans of television. Their quick, once-through style was frustrating to Judy.

"After a week on the set she started going to pieces," said her friend. "She just couldn't stand the pace. Yet, before she started going downhill, the studio had already made arrangements with Susan Hayward to replace her." Even to the last, Hollywood was apparently exploiting the last grist from Garland for their publicity mills.

Although she had a triumphant series of concerts in 1967, Judy was clearly on a pill-and-booze highway to disaster. Those who knew her were neither shocked nor surprised by her death. "I don't see how she lasted this long," a friend said. "She burned the candle at both ends for too many years."

Chapter Five

TO LONDON TO SEE THE QUEEN

"They're not going to open fire on you," she told herself. "They won't throw stones at you. The very worst they could do is not applaud. There's nothing to worry about. What's the worst that could happen? You could fall down—that would be pretty bad, but it wouldn't be the end of the world. You could forget the words. Or pass out. Or lose your voice. But even if all that happened you'd still survive. Other people have. Get a grip on yourself, kid, go out there and knock 'em dead!"

With that reassuring pep talk under her belt, Judy Garland strode valiantly on the stage of London's Palladium Theatre. Thunderous applause greeted her as she stepped up to the microphone.

"What are they applauding for *now*," she wondered. She hoped they would still feel like applauding *after* she had sung. Judy pressed her hands to her stomach, took a deep breath, and broke into song.

The Londoners were still applauding after the first few numbers, and Judy's toes began to loosen. For her next number she tapped her feet . . . sang a few bars of the song . . . went into a twirling dance step . . . slipped! Up went her feet and down crashed her body!

"Go on, Judy!" yelled the admiring audience, "We love you!"

Judy's accompanist rushed to his lady's side and found her flat on her back, shaking with laughter and groaning with frustration.

With the perseverance of the Flying Wallendas, Judy got to her feet amid delighted cheers. When she finished the concert the audience gave her a standing ovation and showered her with the tears and the cheers that came to be associated with the Garland phenomenon.

Judy's celebrated comeback at the Palladium on April 10, 1951, with its spectacular unchoreographed pratfall, launched Judy on the concert career that was to comprise the latter years of her life. From the Palladium, Judy would go on to New York's Palace Theatre, from the Palace to concert tours across the nation and around the world.

When Judy left M-G-M she was at the lowest point in her career, and perhaps the lowest point in her life. But for the first time since she was twelve, Judy was no longer L. B. Mayer's private puppet to be wound up until its mechanism spun crazily out of control.

"It wasn't easy," Judy admitted, "but slowly, gradually, I reached the point where I could begin to live at peace with myself. Then one morning I got up and I knew I was close to the Judy I wanted to be." She felt strong again. She felt like grappling with her dormant career.

When she lunched with her agent, Abe Lastfogel, he, too, noticed the change. "How would you like to try the stage, Judy?" he queried.

Judy turned around and waved at a friend. "Mmmmm," she nodded.

"How about the Palladium?"

"What? Oh, yes. Look into it, why don't you?" she replied, and promptly put it from her mind.

A few days later Lastfogel called. "You're all set for the Palladium," he informed a stunned Judy. "You better start working up an act."

Judy gasped. She had not been in front of a live audience for years. What on earth would she do?

Her jangled nerves were still unsettled when, a few evenings before she was to leave for England, a loud commotion sounded downstairs and an unmistakable voice hollered, "Where is she?"

Almost before Judy had a chance to yell back "Up here Fanny!" "Baby Snooks" herself, the inimitable Fanny Brice, later to be immortalized in the Broadway musical, *Funny Girl,* was standing before a meek Judy Garland. Hands on her hips, Fanny delivered her pitch.

"Now you listen to me, Judy Garland, and you listen good. You are going across that ocean with the voice and talent God gave you, and you're going to make all of us proud of you. You've got to stop babying yourself!"

By now Fanny was thoroughly warmed up to her task. "Who do you think you are, anyway? You think you're the only person with problems? I've run the gamut, kid, and I never gave up—and neither will you. Good Lord girl, who cares about yesterday? Keep your spirits up and your mind bent on tomorrow."

Having delivered her tirade, Fanny turned and walked out as abruptly as she had entered.

Bolstered by her many friends and ardent fans, Judy "went to London to see the Queen," and started her long string of successful comebacks.

London was the scene of later comebacks, too. When she discovered in 1960 that she had been suffering from

hepatitis for almost a year, Judy took off much-needed time for rest and flew to England.

"London is my favorite city," she told the British press. "I hope to live here permanently."

One night, after months of English living, Judy crept out of bed and headed for the bathroom, an idea brewing in her brain. She locked herself in the room, turned the hot shower on full blast. As the recuperative steam bathed her long-unused throat, Judy remembered the excitement of being in front of an audience. Then she was singing at the top of her lungs, drowning out the roar and hiss of the shower. Sleeping neighbors for blocks around must have known that Judy Garland had regained her voice.

Judy ran through about twenty minutes of old arrangements, then hastily scribbled down the names of some thirty-odd songs. Still steaming, she returned to the bedroom and read the list to a sleepy Sid Luft.

"Are you sure it's not too much?" he questioned.

"Too much!" she trumpeted in a voice that would fill Carnegie. "If I fall over dead, *then* we'll know it's too much. That specialist! Where was he imported from, anyway—Transylvania?"

Judy opened at the Palladium and once again brought the staid British to their feet cheering.

"Twice—in 1951 and in 1960—I have been out of work and come to the Palladium, and the British have always put me back on my feet," Judy said. "After my bout with hepatitis, the doctors told me I'd never work again. *Me,* never work again! I came to England and got well."

The star did not even have a costume when she went onstage, just "a little cocktail dress" for the first half and "slacks for the second."

"There's a marvelous kind of loyalty with the British," Judy often remarked. "It makes no difference how bad your *last* movie was. They remember the one ten years ago that *was* good."

Chapter Six

JUDY AT THE PALACE

Curiosity was apparent on their faces as people strolling along the Great White Way began to crowd in front of New York's famous Palace Theatre. Limousine after limousine drove up to deposit so many internationally famous show business personalities that one bystander leaned forward to whisper in his wife's ear, "This is better than the Academy Awards."

Judy's triumphant comeback at the Palace produced one of the greatest celebrity turnouts in history. Crowds gaped as whole pages of *Who's Who in America* got out of their chaffeur-driven cars and flocked into the theater.

Inside the Palace movie magnates from both coasts, established stars, and more recent initiates sat in their seats next to housewifes from the Bronx and patrons of New York's gay bars. All sat quietly, but impatiently, through the couple of acts preceding Judy. Then, suddenly, came the voice of the off-stage announcer: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Judy Garland!"

The roar from the audience is said to have filled Broadway. Then after the tumultuous welcome, everyone leaned forward to listen carefully. Could she do it? Could Judy Garland really make a comeback?

The facts are clear: Judy made show business history. In 184 performances she managed to gross an amazing 750,000. In her nineteen week run, she proved that the old two-a-day could still be a box office bonanza, and she single-handedly re-established the Palace as a name to be instantly associated with the entertainment world.

On that historic night, it was a foregone conclusion that no other performer could ever receive such an opening night accolade from an audience. It was also obvious that many of the people there were not only applauding the talented performer, but were giving their emotional and moral support to a woman's desperate attempt to pull herself out of the morass of personal crises and redeem her professional career.

"When I got back from London, everyone wanted to know what I'd do next," Judy once said, explaining her reasoning behind opening at the Palace. "Everyone kept asking me to tell them, and I was wishing someone would tell me! Then one night I happened to be taking a walk along Times Square, and I stopped in front of the Palace Theatre. Fanny Brice, Eddie Cantor, Jimmy Durante, Kate Smith, Jack Benny . . . the names kept flashing into my brain. And then I remembered all those movies I'd made as a star-struck, wide-eyed girl, who either made or didn't make the Palace. And I knew right then that I wanted to bring the two-a-day back to the Palace."

She and her husband-producer Sid Luft approached the management and received a go-ahead. Within two weeks Judy had a show ready.

Variety had the following to say about her stunning performance:

> The Palace is back to a two-a-day vaudeville

> rebirth and if it ever takes hold permanently Judy Garland gets credit. . . . Hers was a tour-de-force of no small calibre. The hep and sentimentally attuned firstnighters left the Palace in a burst of reflected stardust, for there is no disputing, at any time, that the ex-Metro songstress is simonpure stellar quality.
>
> Miss Garland is a singer's singer . . . with her you hear every word and phrase. She's a great natural singer . . . Miss Garland combines a high-powered little girl quality with a mature, authoritative approach that is undeniable.

Judy returned to the Palace for another successful engagement in 1956 and again won critical, as well as popular, acclaim. She had performances at the Palace, as late as 1967, and each time her way with a song and her enduring personality brought admirers from all over the globe.

In three successful comebacks at the Palace, Judy followed much the same format and her repetoire always included everybody's favorites. The stage would be clear, giving the star the whole range of the playing area. She would sometimes appear downstage, but she preferred to come in from the back. Her passage from the rear of the hall to the front of the stage once prompted *Time* magazine to call an evening with Garland "less of a performance and more of a live-in."

Once on stage she would belt out—as only Judy could —"I Feel a Song Coming On," "The Trolley Song," "The Man That Got Away," and "For Me and My Gal." When she was nearing the end of the concert, fans would shout out their favorites and Judy never disappointed them.

Perhaps the greatest tribute Judy ever received from an audience was on the closing night of her first, and most famous, run at the Palace in 1951.

Judy had gone through three encores, but the audience kept clamoring for more. Requests came from every corner of the house. Judy suggested that the audience sing to her. Then she stood back and waited.

Maestro Jack Cathcart raised his baton and soon a heartfelt, emotional chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" was being directed toward the golden-throated singer on stage. Halfway through the number, Lauritz Melchior, former tenor with the Metropolitan Opera, stood up. He was immediately followed by the rest of the audience.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of auld lang syne."

Judy's audiences never did forget.

Chapter Seven

A STAR IS REBORN

"Don't worry," came the now famous words as the ambulance drew up to the stage door of the Palace and a bundled up, overstrained Judy Garland was helped in, "I'll be back."

And come back she did—again and again—until she had made show business history.

It was husband Sid Luft who persuaded Judy to go to London's Palladium, then to New York's famous Palace. When she was back on her feet, Luft suggested making a picture. "Without even discussing it," Judy said, "we both knew it had to be *A Star Is Born.*"

A Star Is Born had been a 1937 David Selznick movie hit starring Frederick March and Janet Gaynor. The plot concerned the rising career of an actress whose actor husband's own career was on the rocks.

The project was eyed very warily by the Powers-That-Be in Hollywood. Judy Garland was considered a bad risk and difficult, if not impossible, to work with. Judy had left Dorothy and her pigtails far behind. It was almost impossible to recognize the little girl that all America remembered her as in *The Wizard of Oz.* Her figure had filled out and her face was puffy, lined, and showed the years of pill-taking and sleepless nights. Even with her husband producing the film, no studio would go near it. Finally, Garland and Luft made a deal with Warner Brothers.

Then, for ten and a half long, arduous months, Judy and co-worker James Mason plugged away at the film while gossip columns and Hollywood trade papers hinted at the horrendous ruin that everyone associated with its making would encounter.

A *Look* interview with George Cukor (May 18, 1954) quoted him as saying "First they said it would never start; then that it would never stop; and finally they said the principals were battling. Judy used to amuse us by mimicking rumormongers worrying their heads about her picture."

Six million dollars later, Judy triumphantly put down all the secret doubters and pessimists. *A Star Is Born* opened to wide popular and critical acclaim. As the box office receipts began to pour in and the clamor for Judy increased, the mass media broke out with a rash of articles which tried to explain the Garland phenomenon.

Life magazine, September 13, 1954, had this to say:

> Warner Brothers set out to do this remake of the 1937 Hollywood drama as a normal, fairly high-budgeted (2.5 million) production. But it was stretched out agonizingly by perfectionist Judy's insistence on endless retakes, her demands for new musical numbers, her fiery temperment, her boundless energy. *Star* took ten long months and a staggering $6 million to make. The result, however, a brilliantly staged, scored and photographed film, was worth all the effort.

"We—Sid and I—put that picture together despite the pessimists who said we'd never get it made," Judy commented in a kind of victory speech. "Certainly I don't deny that the picture took a terribly long time to make and went 'way over the budget, but there are good reasons for it happening. First, I'm a perfectionist; second, George Cukor, the director, is a perfectionist; and third, Sid is a perfectionist. We simply had to have it right. And having it look right simply took time. And it was right, too. It was a good picture—as good as we all hoped it would be."

Apparently, Jack Warner was the same kind of perfectionist. For as production costs steadily spiralled and the picture stepped over its completion deadline, Mr. Warner Brothers himself stood patiently in the wings. He did not always profess to understand the way things were being done, but he never complained. An associate of Jack Warner, recalling the making of the film, once remarked, "There were times when he would have liked to say something, but . . . he had complete faith in Judy's talent."

He was not the only one with such faith. Garland's dance director for the film was Richard Barstow. His admiration for Judy was obvious. "Judy knows the exact amount of salt and pepper to put in everything. I have never seen anyone who could work on as many convincing levels as she."

Judy evoked continual admiration from the cast members and the crew because of her endless demands for perfection and the frenetic pace which she set before the cameras. "It was hard for some of her colleagues to keep up with her," one crewman remarked. "She would work herself to exhaustion nearly every day."

The Academy in Hollywood also thought highly of Judy's talent. For her role as Esther Blodgett-Vicki Lester, she was nominated for an academy award as "Best Actress." The Press seemed convinced that the "Oscar" race was between Judy Garland for *A Star Is Born* and Grace Kelly for *The Country Girl.* Judy was in the hospital recovering from the birth of her third child, Joey, when the winner was finally announced: Grace Kelly.

"The nicest message I received," Judy recalled, "was from Groucho Marx. He sent me a telegram which arrived the next morning. 'This is the worst robbery since Brink's.' "

Several months later she bumped into one of her fellow contenders for the award, who had also lost out to Grace Kelly. Judy greeted her warmly. "I've been wanting to tell you for so long how much I enjoyed your picture."

The other actress stood there impatiently, obviously annoyed at the encounter. Judy was slightly discomfited, but finished her sincerely-felt compliment: "And I want you to know that I'm truly sorry you didn't win the award."

The other woman stared at her coldly. "I enjoyed

you, too," she said before making a dramatic exit, "in *The Wizard of Oz!*"

A star, it appears, had definitely been reborn, if only to be once again capable of inspiring professional jealousy.

Chapter Eight

JUDY AS A WIFE

"I do like to be in love. I can never feel complete when I'm not in love," Judy once said. "My dearest desire is to know and love another person."

In five marriages to five different men—David Rose, Vincente Minnelli, Sid Luft, Mark Herron, Mickey Deans—Judy attempted to play the challenging role of a wife. Four tries ended in divorce, and who is to say what would have happened to her marriage with Deans, had she lived?

"There's seldom been a time when I wasn't married to someone," Judy commented just before her divorce from actor Mark Herron. "I've been married to four men, yet while we were married, I scarcely met any of them."

Yet having someone around her, someone who loved her, was what the lonely woman craved more than any other thing in life.

Since adolescence, Judy Garland had been plagued with blues in the night. She often related that some evenings she would sit, staring at the phone, trying to ward off the engulfing waves of loneliness sweeping over her, praying for even a wrong number to break the long sleepless hours stretching out before her. Judy was able to span the gulf between the singer on stage and the audience; but she was unable to cross the bridge between herself and a long, lonely night.

"There's nothing worse than being home alone at night," she once remarked candidly, "and I am alone all too often. I don't know how to cope with empty, sleepless nights. In the silence of night I have often wished for just a few words of love from one man, rather than the applause of thousands of people."

Why was this woman who was so loved by the masses so lonely in her personal life? Why was the applause abruptly cut off when Judy stepped over the threshold of her hotel room, where she was met with the infinitely louder roar of emptly silence, to which she was forced to bow?

In the case of most women who are unable to find marital happiness, psychologists generally turn to the kind of relationship they had with their fathers. Though Judy loved her father very dearly, she seldom had a chance to be with him, to be Daddy's little girl. Always in the background of Judy's childhood was the grasping, clutching ogre of her mother, whose domineering ambition for her daughters took them away from their father and pushed them on stages in small town theatres across the country. The young actress-to-be missed her father greatly on these tours, but she learned it was wiser to keep such knowledge from her mother.

Judy's father died when she was thirteen, and M-G-M, in the personnage of Louis B. Mayer, tried to become her father. Whereas before Judy had not seen her father often enough and had been far too dominated by her mother to develop a close relationship with him, now the studio further blighted the growth of a healthy fa-

her image by being too demanding, too stern, and too unloving.

At this time Judy's life was ruled by the studio and her mother. Together they constituted a formidable, and not too understanding, set of parents. Judy's friends have long believed that her marriage, at age nineteen to David Rose, was an attempt to free herself from the iron grip of Mama and L. B. Mayer.

At nineteen, Judy was capable of having rich emotions stir her soul, and she reacted hostilely against the assembly line ersatz passions of the motion picture industry. Her life had been filled with show business. She had been allowed to make few choices, and she was wrestling with doubts and uncertainties.

"As I remember it now," Judy once recalled, looking back over the years, "it was like Dave represented something very strong to me. And, at that time, I wanted a strong arm guiding me."

She was drawn to the freedom of Rose's life as a composer, too. But she was still emotionally immature, and she realized only later, far too young to get married.

"Dave and I eloped to Las Vegas to get married—that is, if you can call bringing your mother along eloping," Judy observed, wryly. It seemed as though Mama had to be on hand to give the young couple her daily blessing throughout the honeymoon.

Judy had to discover that marriage does not magically clear up self-doubts and confusion. For that matter, it soon became evident to her that David needed a certain kind of woman to handle his particular drives, and she was not that woman. There was a secret part of David that he always kept to himself. Before long he kept physically apart from her, too. The marriage finally broke up permanently in June, 1945, when the court awarded Judy a divorce.

There is, perhaps, a lot to be learned about the effects of making stage and movie love at an early age. Powers can come to fruition long before there is another with whom to share them, and some passions are too powerful to handle alone. In a profession where demonstrating and expressing emotions is all in the day's work, how can we know how well a youngster might project himself into a role? How can we know what effects that role will have on his budding psyche? Certainly, the fantasy business that Judy was in had a lot to do with her own emotional reactions to the various situations which confronted her, including marriage.

A week after her divorce from Rose, Judy married her director, Vincente Minnelli. Mama was again on hand to give her blessing. The vows were exchanged in her Hollywood home.

Judy met Minnelli when he directed her in *Meet Me in St. Louis*. It is reported that Vincente made her repeat twenty-five takes of the first scene—until she was about to scream. Director and star found themselves embroiled in many violent differences of opinion, but the picture managed to complete itself. When it was released, critics across the country hailed the performance Minnelli had wrung out of Judy.

The two next met during the filming of *The Clock*. Judy loved the story and was anxious to do it, but she was having trouble with the director. There was talk of the movie being shelved.

One day Judy went to see Louis B. Mayer and told him to his face that what the picture needed was Vincente Minnelli's directorial skill. L. B. threw up his hands and his bulldog's jaws clamped hard on his cigar.

"But you never got along with him when you were filming *St. Louis!* Have you forgotten already the twenty-five takes he made you go through on the first scene?" The Roaring Lion was flabbergasted.

"I haven't forgotten them," Judy said grimly, but then added sincerely, "but he does get a good performance out of me, and I know he has the right touch for this picture." Mayer was still noncommittal when she left his office.

Apparently he had agreed with her, though, for soon after her visit to the *sanctum sanctorum*, Vincente Minnelli was assigned to *The Clock*. It was during the filming of this picture that the romance between Judy and Vincente began to bloom in earnest.

Judy had been right about Minnelli as the director. "When we did it together [The Clock] it proved to be just as good as I'd imagined," she would beam.

After they were married, friends repeated how Vincente spoiled and babied Judy. On March 12, 1946, Liza was born, completing their connubial bliss. Unfortunately, marital happiness was not to be of long duration for the Minnellis.

On the lighter side, Vincente's snoring butchered what little sleep insomniac Judy could get. In Judy's memory, "No man snored longer or louder than Vincente Minnelli." After two years of trying to put up with the midnight buzz saw, she was ready to flip out. And, as they only had one bedroom, there was no getting away from Vincente's rasping.

One night Judy reached her wits' end. Seething with frustration, she sat up in bed and let Vincente have it with her fist, as hard as she could. She noted only afterwards that the fist she thrust into his face bore her heavy wedding ring and engagement ring.

To her dismay, Judy realized that she had broken her hapless husband's nose. He woke up with a start, yelling, gingerly holding his profusely bleeding nose.

Thinking quickly, Judy smeared some of the blood on his night table, then managed to convince Vincente that he had crashed against it in a nightmare.

Eventually, more serious problems drove them apart; and three years after they were married, they separated, even though they remained married off and on for nearly six years.

Judy was, at this time, doing a great deal of soul-searching regarding the studio, and she found herself increasingly at odds with the roaring lion. At the same time, it was her husband's period of closest association with them. Minnelli has said, reflecting back on this time, that "Judy was filled with fears. I urged her to relax and simply be the great star she was. But she couldn't do it. And she never has been able to."

Judy was working on *Annie Get Your Gun* for M-G-M, when something inside her snapped and she completely blew up. She had to be replaced and $1,000,000 worth of film had to be scrapped. She was given a year's leave of absence. She was also flat broke, and Mayer himself paid for her treatment in a Boston hospital.

Upon Judy's return she filmed *Summer Stock*, after which she was promised a year's rest as a reward. Within weeks, however, she was called in to replace a pregnant June Allyson in *Royal Wedding*. Judy was tired and she needed to rest, but she also needed to preserve her reputation, so she agreed.

All hands were on the set ready to film, when word came that Miss Garland was ill and would not report that day. Judy's message was as good as formally getting up and walking out of the studio. And Mayer's action was swift as it was irrevocable. When L. B. was informed of her action, he sat in his office unmoved. "Suspend her," he said, and terminated the meeting.

That night, at home, Judy almost walked out on her

life by slashing her wrists, and shortly thereafter, she did walk out on Minnelli.

When her long-term contract with M-G-M was terminated, Judy was left lonely, jobless, and broke. Her mother had moved back to Hollywood to be near her famous progeny, but Ethel's presence during this time of terrible tension only made Judy all the more irritable. Soon she was at bitter odds with her mother and when Ethel Gumm (then Mrs. Gilmore) died in 1953, the loss was scarcely noticed because of their almost total lack of communication.

Judy took her leave of Hollywood in 1951 and instituted divorce proceedings against Minnelli. She managed to work a sophisticated form of hotel hopping, and eventually, ended up in New York, doing all the things she had been wanting to do for so long. She ate. She slept late. She window-shopped.

And she ran into Sid Luft.

Judy had been accused in the past of marrying father figures. When she met Sid, Judy figured she was finally over that stage and ready for a husband.

"I met Sid before in Hollywood, and I found we had a lot in common," Judy told friends. Luft had been a test pilot for Douglas Aircraft, but he had turned to handling the careers of celebrities. He was referred to at various times as "press agent," "theatrical advisor," and "business aide." He was married, before Judy, to actress Lynn Bari, and had handled the affairs of such actresses as Eleanor Powell.

A refugee from Hollywood and its attendant madness, Judy was going through one of her "nobody loves me" phases. Sid, a fellow fugitive, pooh-poohed the whole mood as nonsense and told her that *he* loved her. With Sid, Judy began to feel wanted and needed again. In June of 1952, they decided to stabilize their emotional interdependence via marriage.

They immediåtely discovered that they had problems coping with each other as husband and wife. There were good times, though, and in the intervals between marital strife, Lorna was born.

Sid was not a man to be pushed around. Friends of Judy speculate that it was Luft's strength that originally attracted her to him, and what so frustrated her after their marriage. Most important, though, he was there with that strength when she needed it.

With Sid acting as a producer, they put a show together and traveled the concert circuit. Everywhere Judy was enthusiastically received. But she seldom saw Sid. "On my wedding night I was back in San Francisco doing my show," Judy said. "That was a preview of the next six years."

Both Sid and Judy sensed that there was something wrong with their marriage, but both somehow hung on to the fraying marital knot. Judy was learning how to be an entertainer again, how to establish a rapport with an audience, when Sid suggested that she make a motion picture comeback. With Judy and James Mason in the starring roles and husband Luft producing, *A Star Was Born* was created at the Warner Brothers studio, and Judy made secure her notch in film history.

Then came another pregnancy, with Joey this time, and Judy was happy again. The marriage was still not quite right, though, and both partners were growing increasingly out of touch with each other.

Judy described those years by saying: "Every now and then Sid would ask me for a divorce, and I'd file suit. But he always told me to forget it, so I would drop suit."

After a year-long bout with hepatitis, Judy took off

for England in search of herself. She was joined in London by Sid, Liza, Lorna, and Joey. For seven months she was gloriously happy simply being Mrs. Sidney Luft. The brief idyll, however, signalled the end of their relationship. When they returned to New York, Judy and Sid separated.

In February of 1965, Judy sued for divorce. Independent sources quote Luft as having a very different attitude from that of his wife. When asked his response by Associated Press he blurted out, "It's news to me," and bade them leave. The divorce suit charged Luft with extreme mental cruelty, and asked that custody of the two children be awarded to Judy. Sid Luft responded quickly. He countersued.

In the resultant court trials, there was some question over the custody of the children. Judy was accused of having had Sid beaten by thugs while she sped to Idlewild [Kennedy] Airport with the children to head for London. By November, however, everything had been resolved. Judy had her divorce and her two children, Lorna and Joey, plus Liza, from her earlier marriage to Minnelli.

"There are no other men in my life now," she told reporters. "My seven year-old son is the only man in my life."

In her months of separation from Sid, Judy grew despondent and once again apprehensive of the nights. To forestall her fears, she took to hosting parties in her home. On one Sunday evening, Mark Herron walked in with a party of people . . . and stayed. He just did not leave, and in the morning, he and Judy had breakfast. Then he came the next weekend and the next and the next. . . .

The routine was always the same. Everyone else would leave, but Herron remained. "He just walked into my life like others before him had," she explained. "People do that to me, like I'm some kind of terminal—like Grand Central Station—they just walk in and out, or right straight through. Sometimes they stay till the building closes."

For Mark Herron, the building closed when they exchanged marriage vows. "After I married Mark, I could hardly find him," Judy would lament. "He was never around. With Sid, at least, I could fight and he'd fight back. But I never even knew where Mark was." With dry humor she would relate: "Oh, I did hear from him on occasion. I think he used to call from a phone booth on casters."

In spite of the almost intolerable state of affairs, the marriage lasted for two years. Indeed, one wonders why Herron married Judy at all. As an actor, he seemed miscast in the role of the devoted husband.

In the spring of 1967, Judy secured her divorce, leaving her free to marry Tom Green. The wedding never materialized, however. The two apparently were in love for a time, but something definitely went wrong somewhere along the way.

Scene: Summer of 1967. Judy happily talking to reporters, discussing her marriage plans.

Judy: "I've known Tom for the past two and a half years, and I've loved him the last year and a half. Oh, I know what you're thinking: That Tom is 29, and I'm 45. But age means nothing to us. Tom seems so much older than I. Actually, I think of him as being ageless. He knows so much more than I do."

Reporter: (Looking up from his pad of hastily scribbled notes) "Are you optimistic about this marriage, Miss Garland?"

Judy: (Beaming, obviously ignoring her mismatches of the past.) "For the first time I know what real happiness is. This is one marriage I'm not being pushed into. And Tom loves *me*, not Judy Garland, the star. My children adore him, and I know he loves them."

Second Reporter: "What are your marriage plans, Miss Garland?"

Judy: (Glancing down at the large engagement ring on her finger, trying to disguise the involuntary smile that crosses her face as she looks up.) "We're going to be married this fall in the chapel of his college, Dartmouth." (Her eyes twinkle and she grins.) "I've gotten over the hard part—I've met his parents."

The day before Easter, 1968, Judy accused Green of stealing two valuable rings from her apartment. Green was arrested, later released.

In the August, 1969, issue of *Photoplay*, Green recalls Judy's accusation that ". . . I'd taken the rings, valued at $110,000, from her New York hotel suite while she was in the hospital with a cracked collar bone, that I'd pawned them for $1000 and pocketed the money."

In addition, Green writes, Judy vehemently denied that they had ever planned to marry, adding that he had been nothing but a highly paid employee of the Garland corporation. Green contends that her charges were totally without foundation and, in reality, Judy owed him and his family over $50,000 for "various expenses on her behalf."

To escape any subsequent unpleasantness, Judy went to London, a favorite city of hers, for it was at the Palladium that she had scored some of her greatest hits. The audience seemed to have cooled down a bit, but even though the masses appeared hesitant to love as openly and warmly as they had in the past, Mickey

Deans appeared and said he would gladly proffer his affection.

Deans, 36, a discoteque operator, was virtually veiled in obscurity before he became Judy's Number Five on March 17, 1969.

"Finally, finally, I am loved!" Judy proclaimed exultantly after the ceremony. "This is it, I *know* this is it! For the very first time in my happy life I'm happy, really happy! I've never *been* so happy!"

Mickey discovered that, with Judy, everything was "open Sesame." It is reported that on their last trip to New York, they went to dine at the Grenadier. The situation became momentarily tense when the headwaiter spotted Mickey's open-collar shirt and scarf.

"I'm sorry, sir," he murmured, "but you can't come in." Then he glanced behind Deans and saw Judy. "Oh, do come in," he said immediately, with a smile and a low bow.

At least with Deans there was no divorce, and from reliable sources, only reports of happiness. It is hoped that Judy did find a measure of happiness with a man. Certainly, she had dealt with men all of her life, with varying degrees of success.

Many times during her career, Judy spoke candidly of the opposite sex, and of herself as a woman. In the August 1967, issue of *Ladies Home Journal,* she reflected on some of her difficulties in handling men:

"I'm not very tough. I've always dealt almost exclusively with men. And, if you're completely feminine and you're dealing with big businessmen, you can't walk in and say, 'Look, you're nothing. You don't know anything. You're bums, no-talents. I'm the star. You sit down and listen to me.' That sounds like Helen Lawson, the tough musical comedy star on the skids I was supposed to play in *Valley of the Dolls*, but it's not Judy Garland. I'm a lady; I can't castrate men, so I let them maintain their egos while they robbed me of my vanity. If you ruin a man's ego, you rob him of his ability to do his job. I don't know how to fight like a man; I'm not supposed to know how. Still, I must have some kind of toughness just to stay alive—a resilience."

In her later years, Judy became friends with her ex-husbands and saw them occasionally. Sid Luft even helped her with her financial affairs and once again became her producer on a limited basis. But even so, there were few men who hung around 'till the wee hours of the morning when Judy had no one but herself and her thoughts to face.

"The nights have always been especially bad for me," she once said. "A man can always go out and hire a girl, but a lady just couldn't do something like that. I can't pick up a man and just like that become his lover. I would like to have the know-how to handle a man and really be a swinger. But I just don't know how.

"I don't mean to sound simple, but why should I not be a happy, successful and loved woman? To be a wife is my dream, and always has been. That's every woman's dream for over the rainbow."

Chapter Nine

JUDY AS A MOTHER

Within hours after it happened, the whole country knew that Judy Garland, America's Sweetheart, had tried to slash her throat and wrists.

Carleton Alsop, husband of ex-movie star Sylvia Sidney, later recalled that frantic night and the efforts of everyone present to protect little Liza from full realization of her mother's action. "We tried to keep her entertained watching television and having her sing. She could really carry a tune, even at that age. Thank God she couldn't read the papers!"

Just what kind of a mother was Judy Garland? Her life was filled with many crises and long working hours, and such conditions would seem inevitably to have affected her children. Yet today Liza, the oldest and most well known of Judy's children, insists that her childhood was happy.

"I never knew I was supposed to be unhappy," Liza has oft repeated. "My childhood was happy—at least *I* thought I was happy."

Certainly, the testimony of her children should constitute the best assessment of Judy's capabilities as a mother.

Judy's own childhood determined most the kind of mother she wanted to be. Grim memories of her own mother, Ethel, and her obsessive drive to get her kid in movies and keep her there made Judy vow that she would never raise a child star. All too often her mother represented merely a theatrical agent, with no real love for her daughter. As long as the kid could sing and make it in the movies, that seemed to be Ethel's primary concern.

This kind of rearing, with such a paucity of love and affection prompted Judy to remark: "When I was a child the thing I wanted more than anything was to be loved by my parents. Naturally, then, it seems to me that my greatest responsibility as a mother is to give my children all the love that I have."

And love them she did. Until the day she died, her

children, Liza Minnelli Allen, 23, Lorna, 17, and Joey, 14, seemed uppermost in her thoughts.

Lorna and Joey were the products of her marriage to Sid Luft. Sid and Judy preferred to have the children with them, rather than leave them at home. This meant that wherever Sid and Judy went, they usually took the kids with them.

"If my business takes me away so much of the time, it's better to take the kids all over with me so that they know I'm there, than having them stay perpetually with servants or in boarding schools," Judy reasoned. "I believe in keeping a family together."

The complications of whether to expose the children to the life Mama led or to try to protect them from it popped up early in Judy's career as a mother. She thought a good deal about it, and eventually decided that the most important thing was to bring up Liza, Lorna, and Joey like human beings.

When she was questioned as to why she brought the children on stage with her and occasionally had them perform, Judy had her answer ready: "Because I make a living in show business, I want my kids to know what I do and just who and what it involves. I want them to see what I do and see how it's done—from a backstage, on stage, and audience viewpoint. I want them to be as unselfconscious as possible about the fact that their mother is a public figure."

Judy was convinced that if the children had a happy home environment, the entertainment world could not harm them. Liza seems to bear out her mother's teachings.

"Sure," Liza admits, "the kind of childhood I had would either make you or break you. The hard knocks and crises came. But at least I learned to handle them. When I lived in Scarsdale, in New York, the kids I knew were only acquainted with themselves and their own sheltered world. As soon as they leave that kind of community, the hard knocks are going to hit them square in the face. They never have learned how to fend them off."

As Judy Garland's daughter, Liza Minnelli did learn how to handle the bad times and fend them off, and at present, she certainly seems none the worse for wear. Friends of Judy had insisted that it was because her love was so strong that the children never suffered the insecurities the Press inadvertently foisted on them.

The family had always shared a feeling of closeness. Oftentimes, in their mother's own words, the children saw Judy "go through hell." The kids have always borne the purgative flames with her, but ". . . it just made us laugh a little harder and love a little harder."

The children have often helped Judy through a crisis. Back in 1950 when Judy attempted suicide after being indefinitely dropped by M-G-M, she praised the help Liza, then four, gave her. "I was able to share everyday with her," she fondly remembered. "We became closer than we'd ever been. There's something about a child's belief in you that restores your faith in yourself. Liza helped me straighten out a lot of my values. She did more for me than the psychiatrists I'd been seeing for years."

Another obvious hurdle for Mama to handle was the question of whether or not her children would go into show business. For a long period, during Liza's, Lorna's, and Joey's early childhood, Judy was immovable. *Her* children were not going in to show business. Later, as the children grew older, she did soften. And, when the first of the offspring launched her own career at age sixteen, Judy did not argue. The story had been quite different, even as recently as the late fifties. "Stage

fright didn't stop me in time," Judy growled. "I hope it does them!"

In 1958 Judy was an embittered woman, still singing, but considerably soured on her whole Hollywood experience. When she learned that Deanna Durbin had informed the Press that she regretted her motion picture career, Judy agreed that she would not want to be a child star again. It was a fate that both former darlings of the silver screen were determined to keep from their own children.

"I want my children to go to college," Judy further elaborated. "I never went to college, or even to a normal elementary or high school. I at least want my children to have a good education."

At this time, Liza was planning on going to college. When she was sixteen her mother sent her to the Sorbonne in France to study history, languages, and French civilization. Liza seemed on the way to fulfilling her mother's wishes.

But the summer before Liza had played a little summer stock, and she frankly admits that, even in the exciting city of Paris, she was bored. She knew what was in her blood, and she knew what she wanted to do about it. Her plans just did not include French civilization at the Sorbonne.

Liza wired her father, Vincente Minnelli—with whom she has kept in close contact—and told him that she wanted to live in New York, take singing, acting, and dancing lessons, and see if she could make it in show business. She met Minnelli in New York, and he answered the classic words so common in households around the world: "Ask your mother."

So she sent another telegram, this time to her mother in Las Vegas. It read: "Dear Mama: I'm coming home. I want to talk to you. Love, Liza."

Judy's unrelenting attitude toward mixing children and show business had abated some since the fifties. She was willing to concede that there were great rewards in acting. Furthermore, she had decided it was only natural that her children should think of acting as a career.

"After all," Judy pointed out, "they've been around theatre people all their lives, so naturally they'd think of the stage or the screen for themselves. If they have the inborn talent and ability, it should never be smothered by a parent." She went on to add that no family was so small that it could not hold two stars.

When Judy received Liza's telegram, she knew instinctively what it was that her daughter wished to discuss. And she knew that if Liza's desire were strong enough, she would be foolish to stand in her way or to try to stop her.

As both parties sped toward each other, each was rehearsing in her mind what she would say to the other. When the plane landed in Las Vegas, Liza was, in Judy's words, "practically off the plane before the door opened."

As Judy saw her daughter running toward her, countless odd scenes and snatches of memory whirled through her brain. When the two were abreast, the words just fell from Judy's lips: "Liza, darling, why don't you go into show business?"

After the two stopped hugging and kissing each other and crying, that is exactly what Liza did. Liza Minnelli went to New York and established herself as an actress and singer in her own right, attacking Broadway, something no one in the family had yet ventured. Today Liza has a promising career ahead of her, and she has earned the right to be accepted on her own name and talent, and not her mother's.

Lorna, too, has acting ability, but she is also considered to be another singer for the family. Judy was fond of referring to her mercurial daughter as "the Gertrude Lawrence of Hyannis Port."

But it is perhaps her first experience with her youngest, Joey, that best illustrates Judy's attitude regarding her career and her children.

It was the night of the Academy Awards, March 1955, and Judy was up for Best Actress for her performance in *A Star Is Born*. Also running was Grace Kelly, for *The Country Girl*.

Scene: A hospital room. Twenty-four hours before the Academy started handing out its awards, Joseph Luft was born. It was a hard delivery, and both mother and child were weak and exhausted. Judy is leaning back wearily on the bed. Crash! The door opens, and a number of NBC men enter briskley, vaguely waving their identification cards in front of Judy's weary eyes. (Their names are fictitious.)

"All right, Ed, there's an outlet in the far corner over there. Tell Frank he can hook up fine in here."

"Hey, Ernie!" A technician crosses to a window, opens it, and yells out. A cameramen on the tower outside waves in answer.

A few nurses hurry into the room and are followed by two huge television sets. The nurses attempt to speak but are cut off abruptly.

"If you pull up the venetian blinds before they say 'Judy Garland,' we'll kill you," threatens a burly technician.

One of the nurses manages to ask Judy if everything is all right. Judy merely waves a hand in reply.

When the telecast came on, everyone sat around in excitement while the suspense mounted. Finally the winner of the coveted award was announced: *Grace Kelly.*

Alternately cursing under their breaths and maintaining a stony silence, the men packed up their gear and lugged the whole lot of it out of the room. "They seemed mad at me for not winning," Judy later commented, with a faint touch of derision in her voice. "They just loaded up everything and left. No one even said 'goodnight.' "

Alone together, Sid and Judy opened a bottle of champagne. Together, the two forgot about the Oscar and made plans for their son.

Years later, whenever Judy was questioned about her reaction to having lost the Oscar, the interviewer would hear but one reply:

"Having my child the night before the Oscar awards was a far greater thrill for me, and has brought me far more lasting joy!"

Chapter Ten

THE LEGEND VERSUS THE CARTWRIGHTS

"It's a great thing to lose fear. I had an unreasonable mental block against appearing on television, and I had to break through this final block in my life. My previous TV shows were utter chaos to me, because I was so frightened, but this new series really catches the live feeling of being in a theater."

That was Judy Garland talking about her 1963-64 television series. It seemed like an excellent idea: Judy

COURTESY: WCCO-TV, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

In 1939, Judy returns to Grand Rapids, Minn., her home town. She is sixteen and already a star in pictures. Here she poses with Ann Frick for gag publicity at a party held in her honor.

Dorothy oils the joints of the Tin Woodman as the Scarecrow watches in "The Wizard of Oz," the picture that made her name a household word throughout the world.

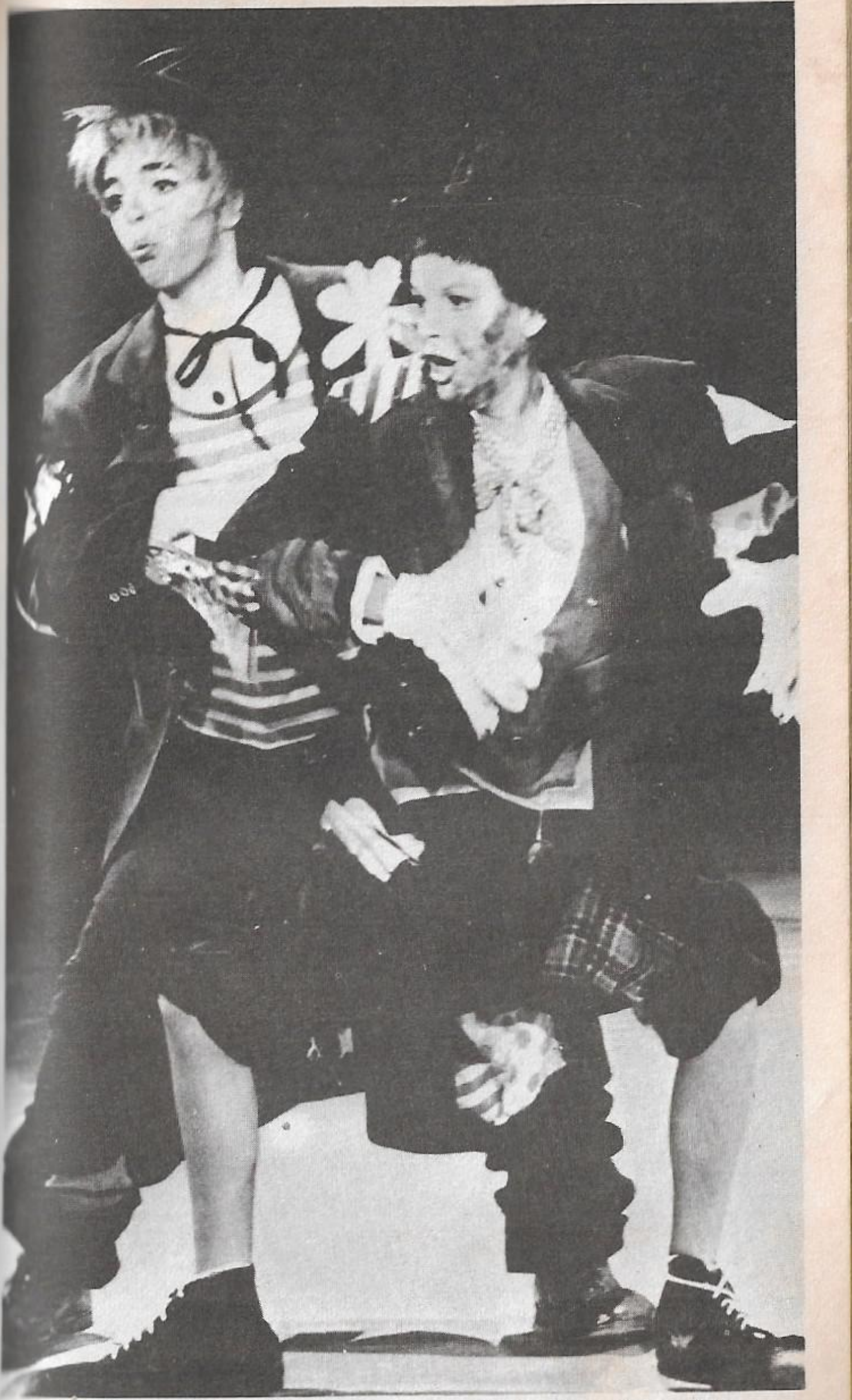
UPI

Judy and composer
arranger David Ros
announce their
engagement in 194
This was to be the f
of her five marriag
She was then 19.

UPI

Judy and her
second husband,
Vincente Minnelli,
at their wedding
in 1945. Minnelli
is the father of
her firstborn, Liza.

UPI



Mother and daughter team up in 1963 for a television show. Judy and Liza do their celebrated tramp number.

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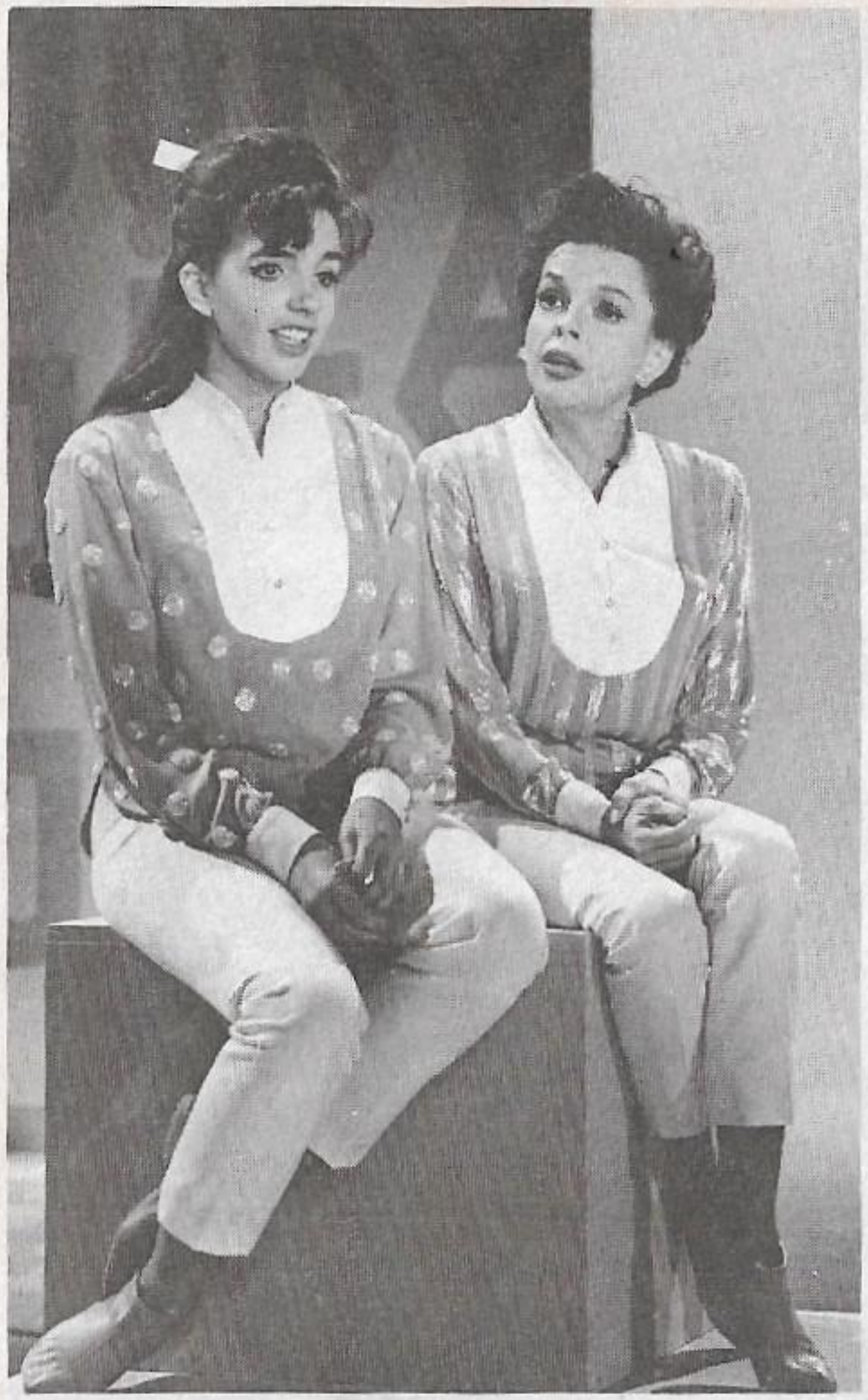

Garland and Minnel
“we sing, we dance,
we tell jokes.” They
all three in what
turned out to be a
sensational act.

Judy and Mark Herron leave a Hong Kong hospital on June 4, 1964. Herron, whom she described at the time as her “traveling companion,” became husband No. 4 in Las Vegas later that month.

UPI

A proud mother embraces her talented firstborn, when Liza made her debut at the Alvin Theatre in New York as the star of “Flora, The Red Menace.” (May 11, 1965)

UPI

The yellow brick road looms hopefully ahead again as Judy and Jacqueline Susann announce jointly that she will play a lead role in the film version of the author's phenomenally successful book, “Valley of the Dolls.” (March 2, 1967) The deal later fell through.

UPI

Judy and former husband Vincente Minnelli arrive together for the wedding reception of their daughter, Liza, to singer Peter Allen. (March 3, 1967)

UP

The world-famous Palace Theatre, New York, Sept. 1967. Judy has made a triumphant return to the scene of prior glory. Included in her show are daughter Lorna (then 14) and son Joey (then 12), her children by her third husband, Sid Luft.

Judy and Sid Luft, husband No. 3, backstage at the Palace. At that time Mr. Luft was both her friend and manager, although there were many stormy moments when Judy considered him neither. (September, 1967)

UPI

It's two a.m., but the lateness doesn't stop Judy's fans from waiting for her at the stagedoor of the Palace to tell her up close that they love her. (September, 1967)

UPI

UPI

New York's Felt F
Dec. 26, 1967.
Judy started the
45 minutes late,
sang in a voice
hoarsened by a c
and forgot her li
but none of that
mattered to her
ecstatic fans: "Ju
We Love You!"

Judy and her
long-time friend,
Ray Bolger, at his
phenomenal Empire
Room opening
March 11, 1968.

UPI

UPI

Judy and Mickey Deans, her fifth husband, shortly before their wedding in London. (December, 1968)

UPI

The bride, the groom, and the best man arrive at Chelsea Registry Office in London for Judy's wedding to Mickey Deans. The best man (left) was singer Johnny Ray.

UPI

Judy and Mickey dance at the reception following their wedding in London on March 15, 1969.

Looking glamorous and happy, Judy is shown leaving London's Heathrow Airport for a quick business trip to New York. (May 21, 1969)

UPI

One short month later, Judy makes her last trip to New York. Police barricades contain crowds of quietly mourning fans who wait all night outside the funeral home for a last look at their beloved Judy.

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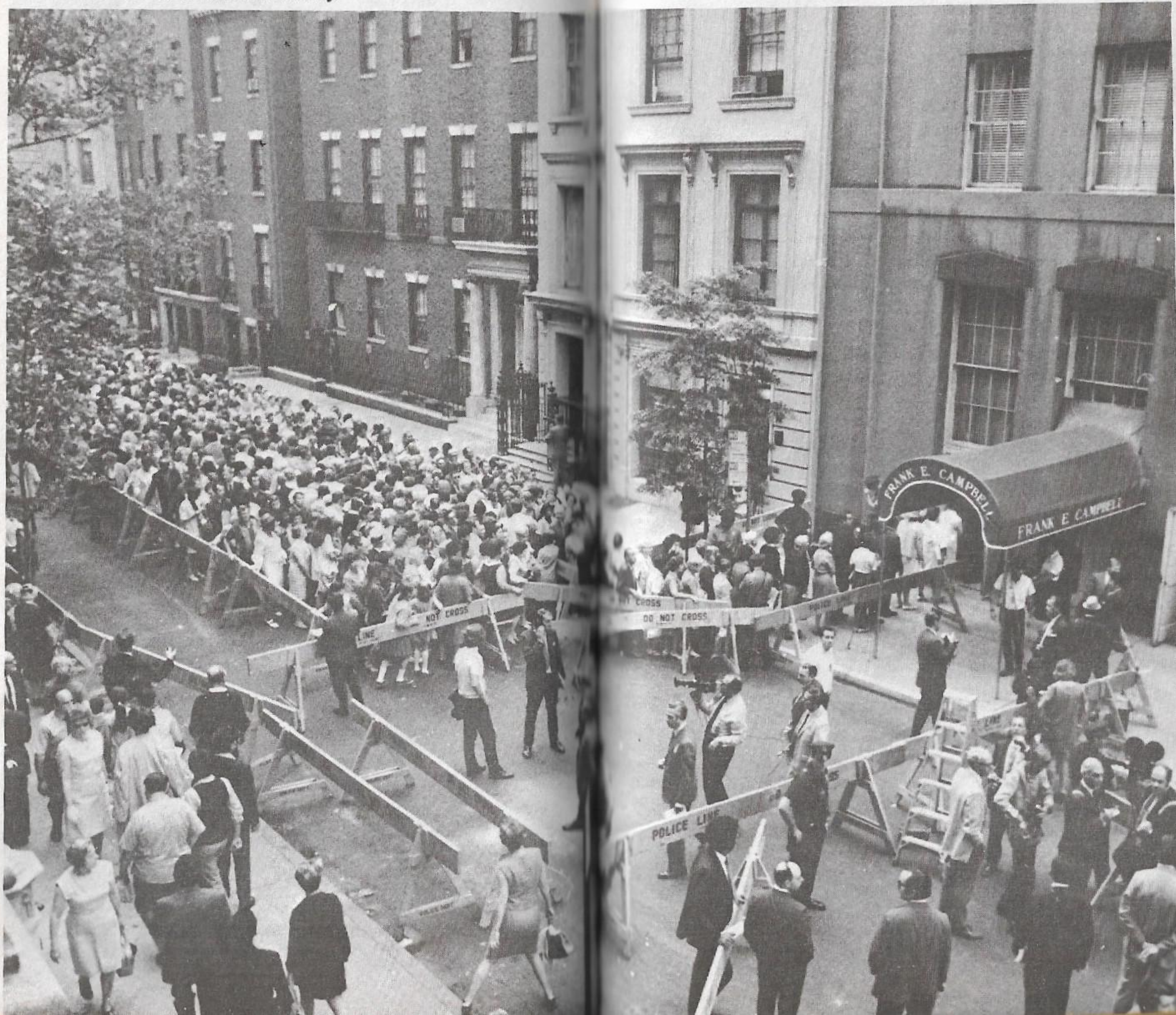
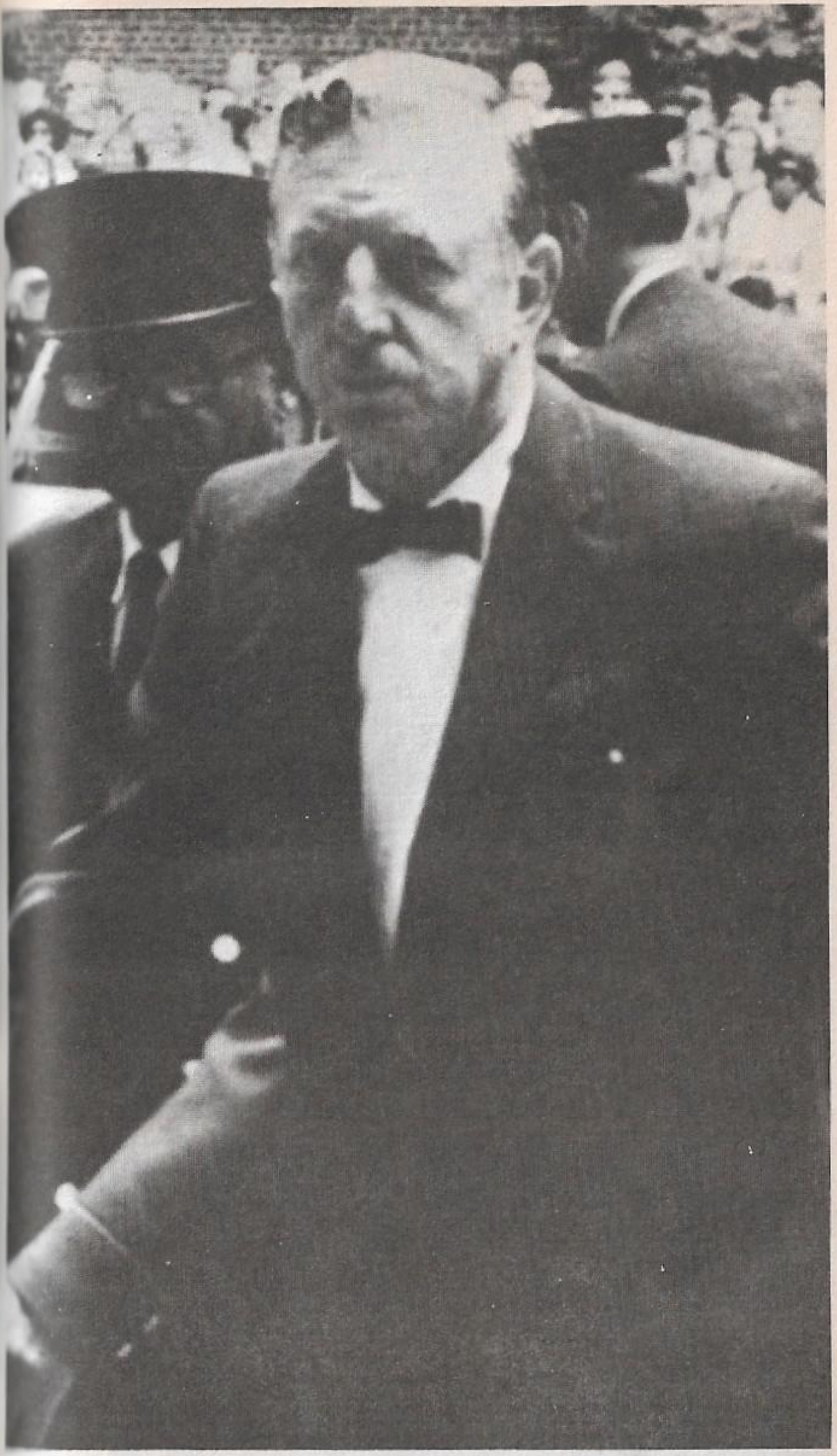

FRANK E. CAMPBELL
FRANK E. CAMPBELL
POLICE LINE
DO NOT CROSS
NOT CROSS
LINE

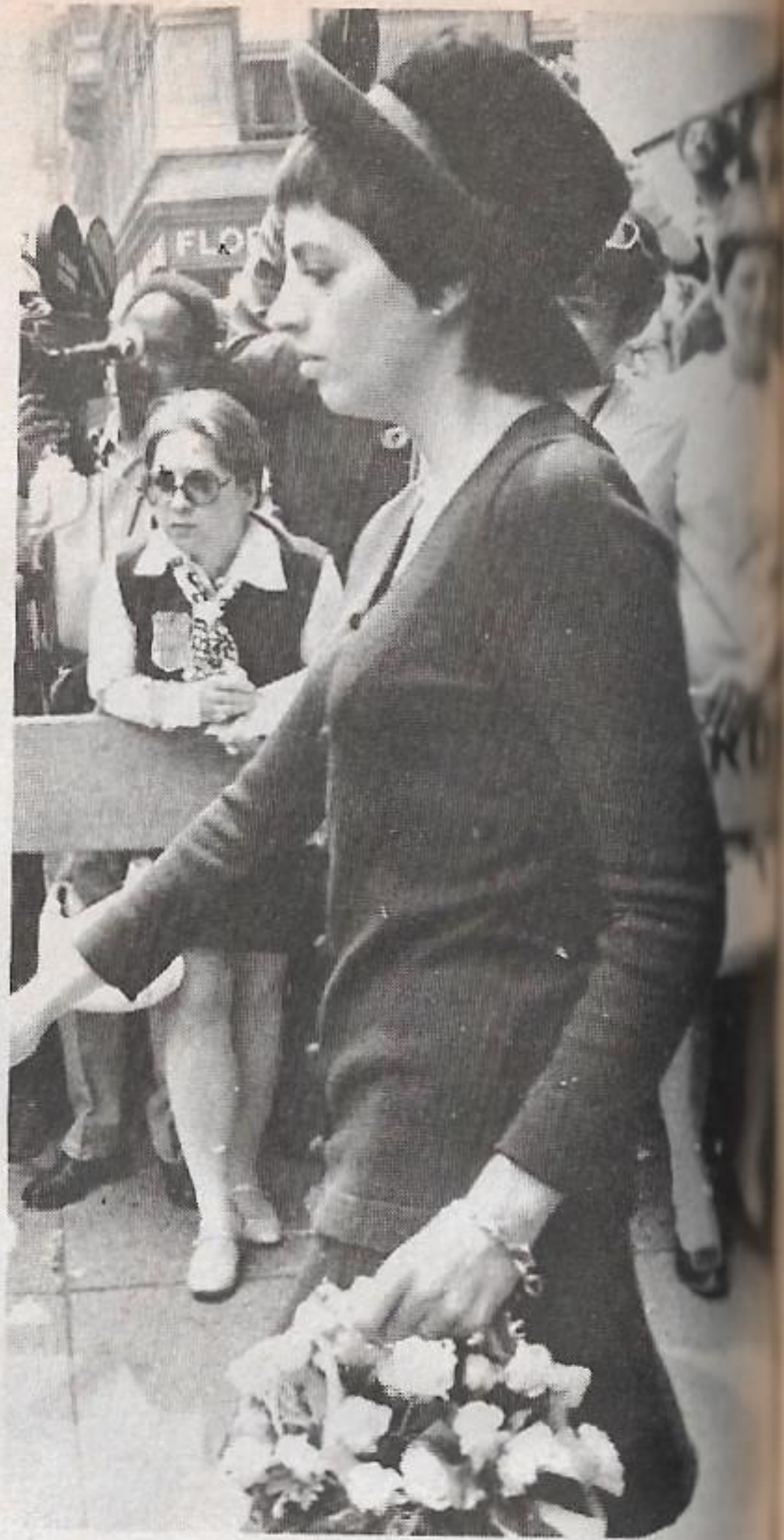
James Mason, who starred with Judy in the classic "A Star Is Born," enters the funeral chapel to deliver the eulogy at the private services.

UPI

His heartbreak showing in his face, Mickey Rooney, Judy's oldest and dearest friend arrives at Campbell's to say goodby to the kid who chased him around the Andy Hardy films.



Mr. Bolger arrives for the services for Judy. Together they loped up the yellow brick road in "The Wizard of Oz".



Liza Minnelli, carrying a small basket of flowers, leaves the private services for her famous mother.

UPI

The end of the rainbow for Judy Garland. At right is the Rev. Peter Delaney, who had officiated at the wedding of a radiant bride, and now, three months later has the sad duty of conducting her funeral services.

UPI

right in the living rooms of Mr. and Mrs. America, smiling, singing, dancing, spending Sunday evenings with them. There were a couple of major problems, however. The all-seeing CBS eye put Judy in the time-slot opposite NBC's *Bonanza* and the larger share of the living rooms of Mr. and Mrs. America had already been pleasurably conditioned to expect a Sunday night visit from the Cartwrights with their shooting, fighting, fuming, and fussing. The other problem was that the all-knowing directors of her show attempted to place Judy in a format that was unnatural to her and made her appear awkward and ill-at-ease.

"I don't blame people for watching *Bonanza* instead of *The Judy Garland Show,*" she shrugged at the end of the season when her show had been canceled. "It seemed to be a natural choice."

But Judy was proud of the fact that she had proved to everyone that she was reliable. "They said I'd never answer the bell for the second round. But we turned out twenty-six shows . . . some of them damned good, too. Especially the last five we did."

The last five shows in Judy's series were one-woman shows, just Judy, the stage, a microphone. She was doing what she did best and what she should have been doing for all twenty-six of the shows. The solo performances brought the kind of audience response which, if the technique had been introduced early in the series (and this was the format for which Judy had fought), would have saved *The Judy Garland Show* from the video scrap heap.

"I wanted to do concerts from the beginning," Judy complained to *TV Guide.* ". . . It's what I do best. And I wanted guest stars who also sang. There was a philosophy at CBS that I couldn't do a *special* every week. They said a concert was a special."

Norman Jewison, executive producer of Judy's show, was interviewed by Murray Schumach prior to the premiere airing of *The Judy Garland Show.* Jewison explained the formula for building Judy into a television personality which had won the CBS eye's wink of approval.

"We want the audience coming back every week," he stressed. "This is not a special. What we have to establish is a strong contact between Judy and her audience. We want the audience to know Judy as only television can enable an audience to know its stars."

Jewison maintained that it was not enough simply to have Judy "standing around singing 'Swanee' each week." *The Judy Garland Show* would have regular spots such as "the trunk" and "Tea for Two," Jewison said. "The trunk" would allow Judy to tell show biz yarns and "Tea for Two" would have Jerry Van Dyke helping Judy pour tea for her guests. "It will be a springboard for tales or for serious thoughts that may not concern show business, depending on the guests," explained Jewison.

The format looks terribly uninspiring on paper, and that was how it came across the video tube. Even Garlandophiles and Judy fans of long-standing rejoined the Cartwrights on the Ponderosa. George Schlatter, the producer of the first five shows, was removed from his assignment by CBS. The program was clearly in trouble.

Judy was called in by CBS executives and reprimanded for touching the guests. Nearly everyone knew that Judy was by nature affectionate and demonstrative, but to some distressed home-viewers, who were keeping their cards and letters coming, it appeared that Judy was drunk or nervous or both. Some even wrote to suggest sexual implications in her fluttering fingers.

Schlatter tried to defend his star: "Judy's physical reaching out was an extension of the emotional reaching

she does every day to friends, and sometimes strangers." He admitted, however, that such "reaching out" was not a quality that lent itself well to television.

Schlatter, who has since scored heavily with such successes as *Laugh-In,* also tried to give Judy the big star treatment by providing her with a 40-by-10-foot air conditioned house trailer-dressing room with red-and-white candy stripes. The furnishings behind the kissing-cupids door knocker provided a miniature replica of Judy's home, complete with a refrigerator filled with Judy's favorite wine, *Blue Nun Liebfraumilch.*

None of the trimmings helped save the series.

With twenty-one shows to his credit, producer Gary Smith lasted longer than anyone else connected with the Judy Garland show. Smith recalled that everyone was afraid of Judy. "Judy gobbles everyone up emotionally and intellectually. She wears everybody out. But she is a magnificent performer. . . ."

Jerry Van Dyke asked to be relieved from the show after ten appearances. He complained that he was hired to help give a "family feeling" to the series, then he was woefully miscast as a waspish host who continually attempted to belittle Judy. A stock line which Van Dyke was made to repeat on nearly every show was "What's a nice little old lady like you doing on television?" This glittering gem was followed up by such zingers as: "This isn't the original Judy Garland, you know. The original went over the rainbow years ago." And "I hear there's a little farm in Pasadena that grows Judy Garlands."

Van Dyke argued that his image is that of a likeable, bumbling cornhusker from the Midwest. "They changed me into a forward, aggressive person. They took me and turned me completely around. If the stuff I was saying was hilarious, I'd say OK. But the lines were bombing."

The lines were falling flat because those who cared about Judy were not interested in seeing her shaken off her pedestal by such cutting and clumsy gibes. "The absurd notion of debasing Judy's reputation as a legendary figure and molding her show into an imitation of other prosaic variety shows, has been a disaster where it hurts most, in the audience rating polls," *Life* magazine pointed out.

Executive producer Jewison claimed to be unimpressed by polls. "They're for the birds," he said, dismissing them lightly. Judy said that she would like to know who the guy Nielsen who did all the ratings really was. Judy admitted that she had learned that one did not do a weekly show for pure art's sake.

Denying rumors of rating trouble as long as possible, producer Jewison said that he saw no difficulty in making a show work with a woman who was a legend in her own time. "She is a combination of Sammy Davis, Jr., Aimee Semple McPherson and Greta Garbo," he declared.

A short time later, Judy received a message from CBS-TV president James Aubrey informing her of the cancellation of *The Judy Garland Show*. "The tube will not shine as brightly with you off the air," Aubrey wrote. "No one has ever fulfilled a commitment with more dedication or more integrity."

Life scolded CBS for trying to transform Judy into a composite of Garry Moore, Perry Como, and Dinah Shore. "They failed to realize," Richard Warren Lewis wrote, "there was nothing wrong with the old, the genuine Judy Garland."

Chapter Eleven

SHE WENT ON SINGING

Writing in the July 5, 1969, issue of *Record World*, Doug McClelland told of being at a party a few years ago which had Judy Garland in attendance. McClelland remembered her making a "bumpy bee-line" for the piano where she was accompanied by a young man who appeared to be her escort of the evening. Judy spent the next hour or two singing and dancing.

"It was not a pleasant experience for me," McClelland writes. He had grown up at Judy Garland's movies and The Legend was not singing well that night. "But that didn't deter the roomful of 'friends' from encouraging her, and she even managed a spastic reprise of her cakewalk in *Meet Me in St. Louis*."

McClelland was aghast at the extent to which the exploitation of Judy Garland continued. Some of the guests were tittering and chuckling as they coaxed her with "One more time, Judy!"

"She was no longer even a big studio 'commodity'; she was now a performing pet," observed McClelland. "Late in the extremely distasteful proceedings she announced she was going to sing a song the composer host had once written for her, adding, 'I wish he'd write another. I need it.' "

In McClelland's opinion, Judy needed nothing so much as one real friend, as she leaned wearily against her youthful pianist.

"Where are my friends now?" Judy asked in the August, 1967, issue of *Ladies Home Journal.* "I have few that I didn't pay for, and when the money ran out, they ran out, too." Judy complained that her fair-weather friends always floated quickly out of her life when she was in trouble, "but most of them came into my life wearing parachutes. . . . they bail out and leave me without a chute."

Judy allowed that she had acquired some good friends and true over the years—Peter Lawford once bailed her out of jail when she could not pay her state income taxes; Katherine Hepburn had visited her during her illnesses; and there were Roddy McDowall, Kay Thompson, George Cukor, Myrna Loy, and, of course, Mickey Rooney—but generally the sunshine companions looked for other sources of illumination when one of those freqent black clouds crossed Judy's career.

Longtime friend Kay Thompson once remarked that most people generally conceived of a helpless Judy Garland, who always had people waiting on her, doing things for her. Quite the contrary, Miss Thompson said. "She not only conceived and selected her own concert program, but she made all the musical arrangements, designed her own clothes, and supervised the lighting."

Judy always maintained that it was a protection for her to have technical knowledge. She never knew when she might find herself all alone with a show to plan and execute.

In spite of depression and desertions, Judy went on singing.

The last years could have been more pleasant.

There were the times when she was heckled for showing up late for her concerts.

There were the agonizing bouts with mysterious illnesses, such as the one that laid her low in Hong Kong in May of 1964. She was with Mark Herron, officially listed as "traveling companion" at that time, while Sid Luft and the kids waited anxiously for word of her condition back in the States. Strangely enough, Judy's undetermined illness occurred simultaneously with the death of her oldest sister, Sue.

There were the ugly rumors that Judy Garland was a hopeless alcoholic, a drug addict, incapable of working for anyone.

There was the temporary loss of her voice, the loss of her figure. The fights and quarrels as she went back on the pills in an effort to slice off pounds.

And nearly always there was the loneliness.

An informal chronicler of New York night-life remembers seeing Judy haunting such places as The Two Penny on East 30th and The Three on East 72nd in search of late-hour cheer. "Even those of us who really loved Judy thought of her pretty much as a lush and a pillhead in those days. She was usually with a bunch of homosexuals, young guys. You know how they dug Judy, and, yeah, Judy dug them. I always figure that it was because she was tired of competing as a woman. The gay guys wouldn't bother her that way. They were pretty young fellows who were attentive and kind to her. I think that was all she wanted from them. Just a little tenderness and maybe someone to stay the night with her and talk until dawn."

In our age of instant intimacy and our desire to seek out dirty little secrets as proof positive that our heroes' feet have the same clay-like consistency as our own, Judy Garland's sex life was often a subject of speculation.

"It is my observation," says a former habitué of The Three, "that Judy must have been AC/DC, that she swung with both the boys and the girls. I could be wrong, but swing Judy did!"

A sympathetic homosexual insists that Judy had a long-time bitterness against men ever since a high-ranking M-G-M executive raped her when she was a child of thirteen. "All actresses had to put out for the Big Wheels in those days," the man frowned his disgust, "and poor little Judy was no exception."

Such allegations and rumors will, no doubt, continue to be absorbed and, perhaps, incorporated into The Legend. Some tales will be told with the explicit purpose of debunking and exposing a personality whom others remember with love and affection; other stories will be passed along with all sincerity of intent and purposes by those who genuinely esteem Judy Garland and wish only to make The Legend glow with an even more intense brilliance than it already possesses.

Chapter Twelve

THE CULT OF JUDY

Nine-thirty.

The sweltering lobby of a large metropolitan theater is crowded with throngs of milling cultists, waiting for the appearance of their mystical, enchanted goddess, Judy Garland, who is appearing in concert. The acts preceding Judy are over and the young men with lean bodies and delicate wrists nervously pat their gleaming hair as they walk up the aisles and out into the lobby for intermission.

A young man stops at the door and looks toward the stage. An exasperated older man tugs at his sleeve. "Don't look ridiculous," the aging homosexual whispers, harshly. "*Everyone* knows Judy doesn't appear right away. You'll look like an idiot and ruin my reputation!"

The homosexual clique, estimated to be at least twenty-five percent of Judy Garland's audience, awaits its star. They mill around, walk, talk, and smoke. Their conversations are punctuated by animated motions of their arms. Somehow, they look like gaudy butterflies imprisoned within the lobby, beating their limpid wings in a futile struggle for life, flitting from flower to flower in an empty quest for some magic nectar.

"I hear Judy is drinking *very* heavily these days," whispers a young man, whose mascared face is a grotesque mask. "*Very* heavily."

A group of hetreosexual couples have retreated to the far end of the lobby. They cluster there in self-protection. One of the men fixes his eyes coldly on the homosexuals. "The rise and fall of the American empire," he remarks sharply.

"Perhaps Hitler's final solution is the answer," replies another man. "They're starting to take over the city . . . I'm embarrassed to bring the kids downtown."

His wife elevates her eyebrows in mock seriousness. "Just remember, no one goes to the rest room alone tonight!"

Two young men sip orange juice from paper cups. "I heard that Charles brought her a bouquet of roses," one says.

"Why didn't we think of that?" his companion answers.

Nine forty-five.

The audience flutters back to their seats. They are applauding now, nervous little claps starting spontaneously in the theater and subsiding into limp uncertainty.

"Do you suppose she'll make it?"

"I hear she's been drinking *awfully* heavily."

"She won't disappoint us."

"I hope *everyone* will treat her with the respect she deserves."

Ten o'clock.

The lights dim and the theater is plunged into semi-darkness. The orchestra conductor raises his baton and the band bursts into a few notes of *The Trolley Song*, then *The Man That Got Away* and, after a medley, the theater is filled with the familiar notes of *Over The Rainbow.* The audience is wildly applauding the tune. Barely able to stand the tension, they turn in their seats and stare up the center aisle to the rear of the theater.

"Don't watch the stage," the elderly homosexual whispers to his young man. "*Everyone* knows Judy makes her entrance from the back of the center aisle."

Ten-seven.

The audience is screaming, high, shrill pleas directed toward the rear of the center aisles. A wail echoes off the theater walls and, somewhere in the darkness of the balcony, a young man begins to cry. "She'll never come," he sobs.

Ten-ten.

The screaming rises in a crescendo of emotion. Judy is standing in the rear of the theater, moving slowly down the center aisle. All eyes focus on her thin form as she mechanically walks toward the stage. Her arms

rise and fall as she throws kisses to her fans. "She touched me," whispers an awed man.

The shouting is deafening when she reaches the stage, crosses to the center, and picks up the microphone. She is tiny, dressed in a tailored pants suit, and the waves of screaming and applause seem to warm and energize her.

"I love you, Judy!" someone calls from the darkness. She smiles. "I love you, too."

"Never leave us," pleads another voice.

The ovation continues until she places the microphone to her mouth and starts into *I Feel A Song Coming On.* The audience is hushed until the end, then the screaming and applause once again roar through the theater. She moves through *Just In Time* and *This Can't Be Love.*

"I think you will like this next number," she announces. The orchestra goes into *The Man That Got Away.* There is an emotional intensity in the tune and the hushed audience seems to receive mystical vibrations, an extra-sensory message. Judy seems to be saying: "When I was very young, I had my hopes for moonlight and roses. But the roses turned out to be plastic imitations and the moonlight was nothing but the reflection from a fluorescent lamp. Nothing is what you expect, my friends."

"My God, that poor girl has suffered," someone whispers, his mind feeding on the grinding years when Judy slaved on the sound stages at M-G-M. The marriages, the divorces, the emotional problems.

Then, *The Trolley Song, Old Man River, Swanee,* and, as she starts *That's Entertainment,* the cultists move toward the stage. A young woman places a brightly wrapped gift on the stage. She raises her hand and Judy bends to touch her.

Another fan, a hulking middle-aged man with a glistening bald head, staggers up to the stage with a huge box of flowers. A slender youth moves through the aisle with an oil portrait and places the picture on the stage. A movement starts in the first row, and without warning, there are scores of people on their feet, moving forward toward the stage, hands upraised, crying, laughing, sobbing, pleading for one touch of the Garland hand.

Flowers are being thrown onto the stage. A young man faints and crumples to the floor. A smiling man places a bottle of Blue Nun Liebfraumilch on the stage. She's singing *Rock-A-Bye Your Baby to a Dixie Melody.* The audience is screaming, standing, cheering, crying, captured in a maelstrom of emotion. The frenzied response of the audience is reminiscent of the roar from a crowd at an "old time religion" camp meeting when a spell-binding evangelist preached his flock closer to the pearly gates.

"Yesiree, folks! Them movie moguls were greedy dogs. Unnh-huhn! They took sweet little Judy and led her away from that sweet yellow brick road! Unnh-huhn! They took that poor chile and gagged and tied her innocence and traded it to the wicked witch from the West for a bagful of gold. Unnh-huhn! We are all gonna be there someday, sweet brothers and sisters. Unnh-huhn! Yessiree, brother, she has been through the hot flames of the deadly purifying fires!

"Unnh-huhn! She has done the drinking, the marrying and, the divorcing, sweet sisters! She has been there and back and you have to travel that same long road. You gonna lose love, brother, and see your golden dreams turn to gray dust. You are gonna pray for a big bottle or a little pill to get you through the long, hard nights. Uhn-huhn! Yessiree, you are gonna find that youth, that feel-right time, your dreams, are gonna turn to tarnished brass. You gonna find out, like Judy,

that you skip down that sweet yellow brick road just one time. No more, brethren. Just one time!"

It was a tradition, a part of the ritual, a finish to the sacrament of a Garland concert, that the evening be ended with her familiar rendition of *Somewhere Over the Rainbow.* The weepers, the wailers, the hung-up homos, and the swishing sisters, listened to her precise notes, thought about their lives of self-doubt, uncertainty, and emotional paralysis and wept unashamedly.

> *"If happy little bluebirds fly*
> *Beyond the rainbow,*
> *Why O why can't I?"*

The cult of Judy Garland has been a show business phenomenon for the past decade. No one knows when the frail singer was "adopted" by the homosexual community throughout the world. Curiously, even Judy wondered from time to time about this disproportionate share of her audience who were sexual deviates. Manhattan psychiatrist Dr. Leah Schaefer stated two years ago that homosexuals form cults for super-stars because these are people they can idealize without getting too close to [them]."

"In Judy's case, the attraction may be made considerably stronger by the fact that she has survived so many problems," Dr. Schaefer continued. "Homosexuals can identify with that kind of hysteria."

Another Manhattan psychiatrist agrees. "Judy was beaten up by life, embattled, and ultimately had to become more masculine," said Dr. Lawrence Hatterer. "She had the power that homosexuals would like to have, and they attempt to attain it by idolizing her."

There are many generalities about the shadowy world of the homosexuals. One of their common enemies is age and Judy Garland was always identified as the "Girl-Scout's-Honor" little Dorothy of *Wizard of Oz*. "She represented youth to those people in a lovely, idealized fashion," reported another psychiatrist.

And, as we know, Judy Garland suffered through most of her life. Homosexuals have a tendency to identify with suffering; they are a persecuted minority in our society. Squirming like fat worms in the hindmost recesses of their minds is the fearful knowledge that their own lives will always be plagued by a lack of understanding, immobilized by self-doubt, and paralyzed by exposure.

For those who live vicariously, a Garland concert had the exciting lure of a hurricane in Florida, a train wreck in Kansas, or an earthquake in California. It was like waiting for the unpredictable future on the edge of the world. Her professional and private life vacillated from the sensational to the disgraceful. She could be cheered by crowds in London and, a few months later, be heckled following her late arrival at a Melbourne concert with cries of "Have another brandy, soak!"

Or she could trip and fall flat on her face as she did one night in London, then get up on two shakey legs and bring the audience to a standing ovation in tribute to her talent and voice.

The ghosts of her private life could intrude into her performances, such as the time at an eastern night club when she stumbled on stage, slurred through one song, and walked out on her audience. Or, in a cheerful mood, she could sing and ad lib for hours before an enchanted, appreciative audience.

Last January, Judy launched a three-week run at the Talk of the Town club in London. One night she came on stage an hour past curtain time. The audience booed and jeered her, threw ash trays, cigarette butts and bread onto the stage. Judy looked dazed, tripped over a microphone cord, and almost fell onto the stage. She was struggling with a shoulder strap that persistently fell down. "She was an absolute walking casualty," summed up one London critic.

But for better or worse, Judy's tight circle of fans never stopped loving her.

One year, when she was on a concert comeback, a young man from Philadelphia rode the bus to each of her concerts. A member of her homosexual clique, he went without lunch that entire summer to save money for the bus fares to her shows, rolling to such cities as Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Newark, New York, Buffalo, and Newport. He was a member of the inner circle of super-fans, the "Faithful," those forty fans from every part of the nation who always appeared at Judy's one-night stands.

Judy knew them by name, always made a mental roll call from the stage, and honored each of them with a secret sign of recognition during the show. "They're like her personal Mafia," an executive at a recording company reported. "When we were producing a Garland album a few years ago, I started to receive letters with a single theme: 'Don't leave out a single number—or we'll get you.' "

A Beverly Hills bachelor might well be considered Judy's number one fan. His home and garage is crammed with every kind of paraphernalia about his favorite star. He has carefully stored vast numbers of her old 78 RPM records, has stacks of her clippings and concert programs. He also has tapes of many of her night club performances and concerts. In addition, at considerable personal expense, he has obtained the recorded sound tracks of every movie in which Judy performed.

The cult turned out in record numbers when Judy's body lay in Campbell's funeral home in New York. Legions of her countless fans jammed the Upper East Side to file past her bier. One young man was so distraught that he wrung his hands continually as the line slowly moved toward the casket. The pressure on his hands caused the skin to rupture. He wrapped his bleeding hands in a handkerchief and waited for one last look at the adored entertainer. "She's over the rainbow at last," he sobbed, looking down at Judy's corpse, dressed in the same lovely gown which she wore on her fifth wedding day.

Chapter Thirteen

JUDY AND THE OCCULT

PART I

(Judy's horoscope was plotted by Richard Reed, Astrologer, Miami Beach, Florida. The text which follows is Mr. Reed's explanation of the charts.)

JUDY. Say that name, and everyone knew whom you were talking about. There was only one Judy. She was honored by being called her first name only, a tribute accorded to few in the annals of show business.

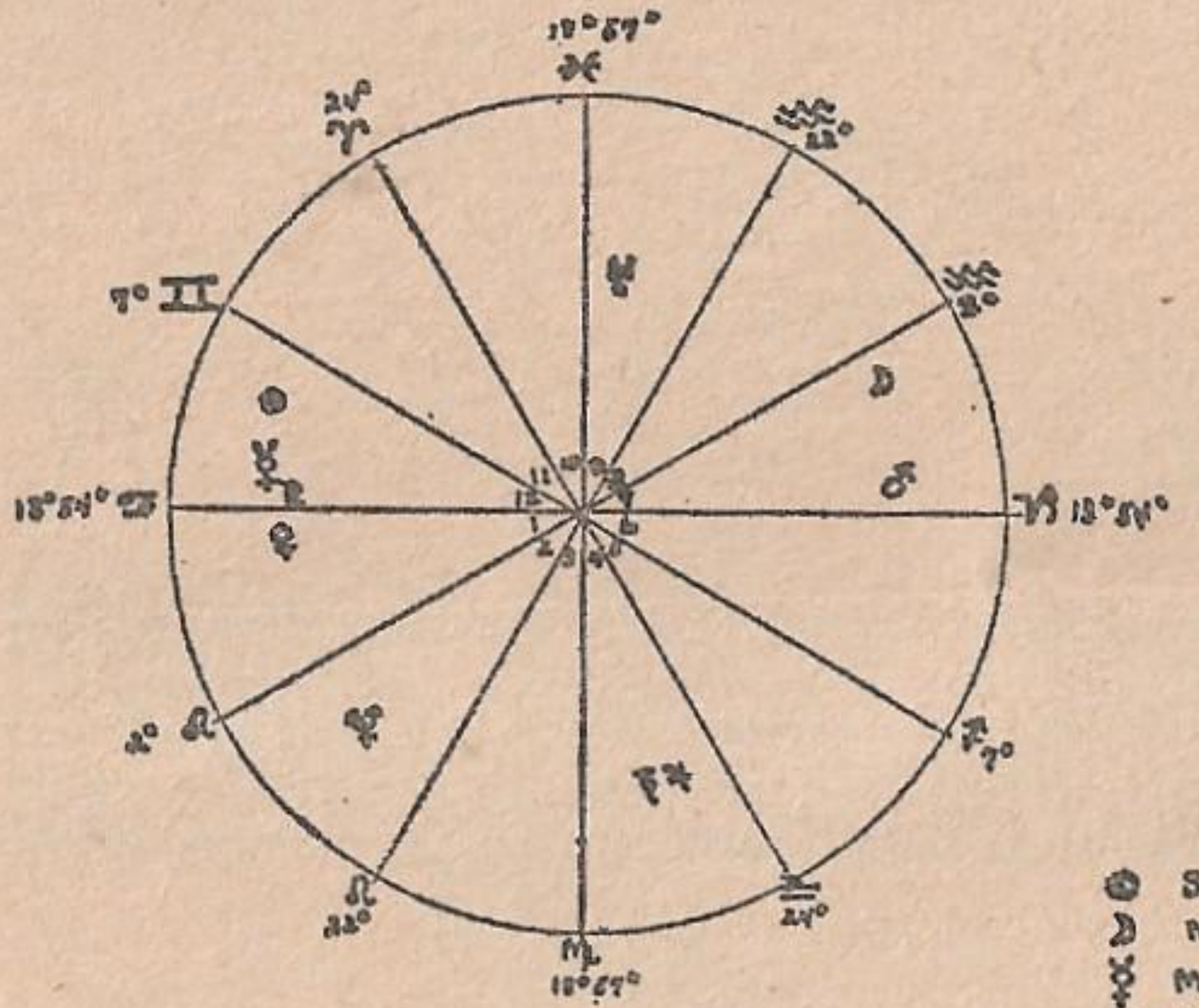
This lively, nervous, intelligent girl was born a Gemini

(June 10, 1922) in Grand Rapids, Minn. By the age of three, she was performing in her parents' vaudeville act. She was to become the darling of America in 1939 when the *Wizard of Oz* was released, in which she sang her most famous song "Over the Rainbow."

FRANCES GUMM
JUNE 10, 1922
6:30 A. M.

GRAND RAPIDS, MINNESOTA
LAT. 47°15' N. LONG. 93°30" W.

SUN SIGN – GEMINI ♊
ASCENDANT – CANCER ♋
SIGNIFICATOR – MOON ☽
MOON IN – SAGITTARIUS ♐



☽									
☍	☿								
		♀							
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		△	□	□			♅		
	∠		⚹	△	⚹	∠		♆	
	☌	☌			□	□	△		♇

☌ CONJUNCTION
□ SQUARE
△ TRINE
⚹ SEXTILE
∠ SEMI-SQUARE
☍ OPPOSITION

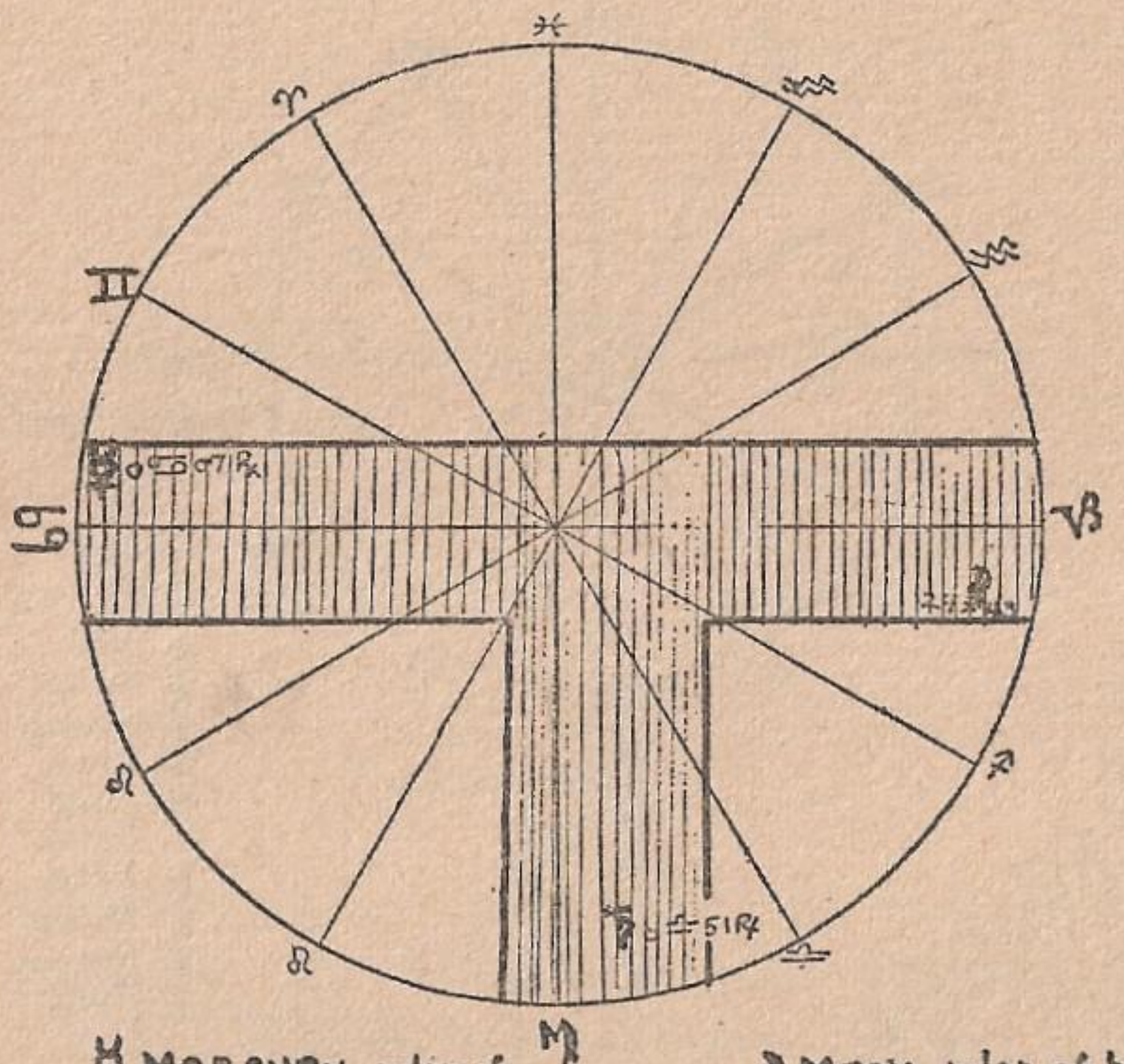
☉ SUN
☽ MOON
☿ MERCURY
♀ VENUS
♂ MARS
♃ JUPITER
♄ SATURN
♅ URANUS
♆ NEPTUNE
♇ PLUTO

FIRE	♆ ♂ ☽
EARTH	
AIR	☉ ♄ ♃
WATER	♅ ☿ ♇ ♀

CARDINAL	☿ ♀ ♃ ♄ ♇
FIXED	♆
MUTABLE	☉ ☽ ♂ ♅

But what was at the end of that rainbow for her? Was it four broken marriages and numerous attempts at suicide? What was this misunderstood, much-loved personality really like?

Gemini makes one nervous. A Gemini is always trying to find something to do with his hands. In all of Judy's performances, she kept running her hands through her hair. Her Ascendant in Cancer gave her the emotion that Gemini denies, to give to the world a unique brand of song, filled with all the humor, pathos and joy that she could possibly give. Note that the ruler of her Sun



☿ MERCURY, ruler of her SUN sign, ♊ Gemini

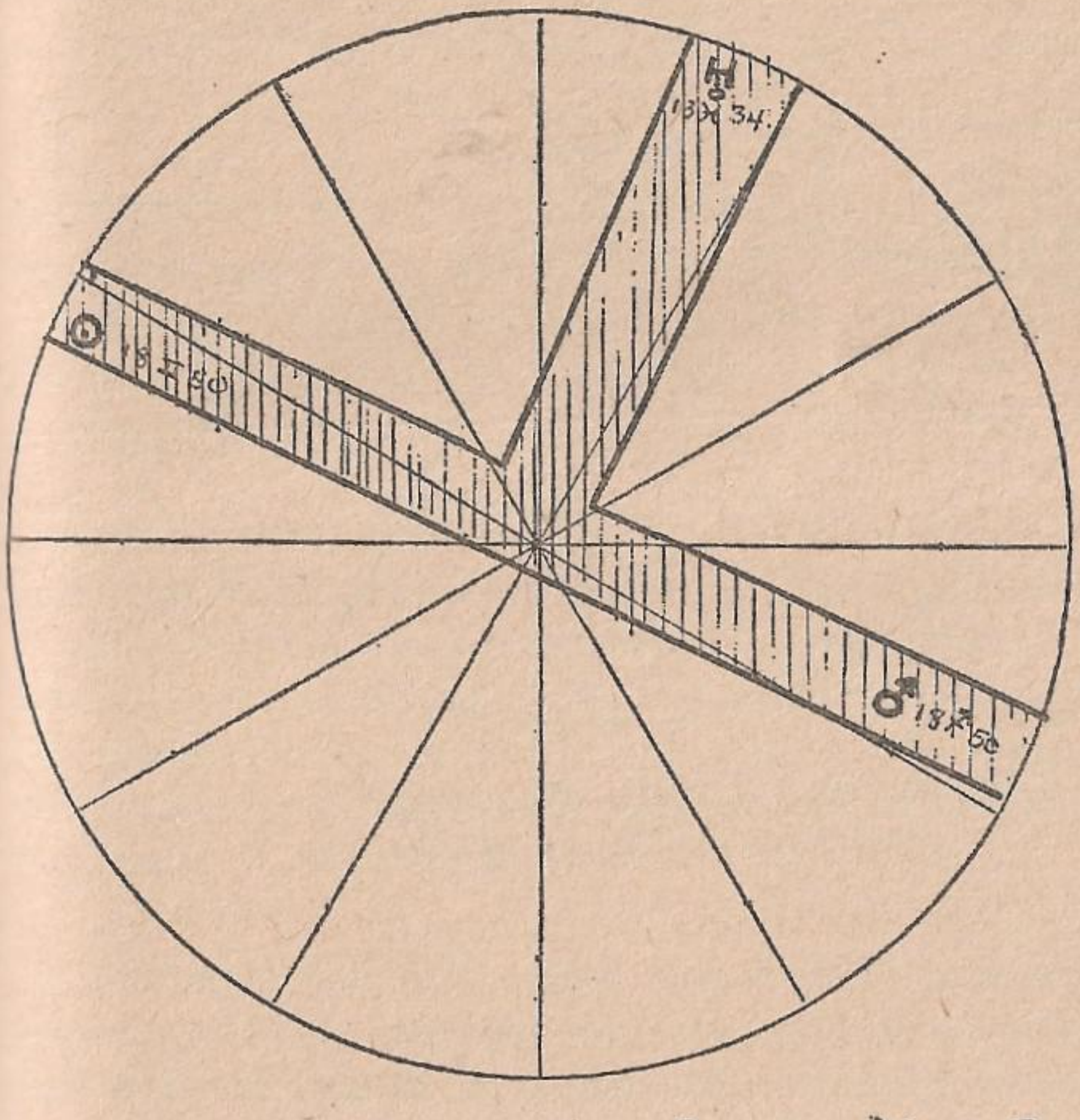
☽ MOON, ruler of her Ascendant, ♋ CANCER

♄ SATURN, ruler of her 7th House, ♑ Capricorn

☿ in ♋, ☽ in ♑ are ☍ in opposition. And form □ square to ♄ Saturn

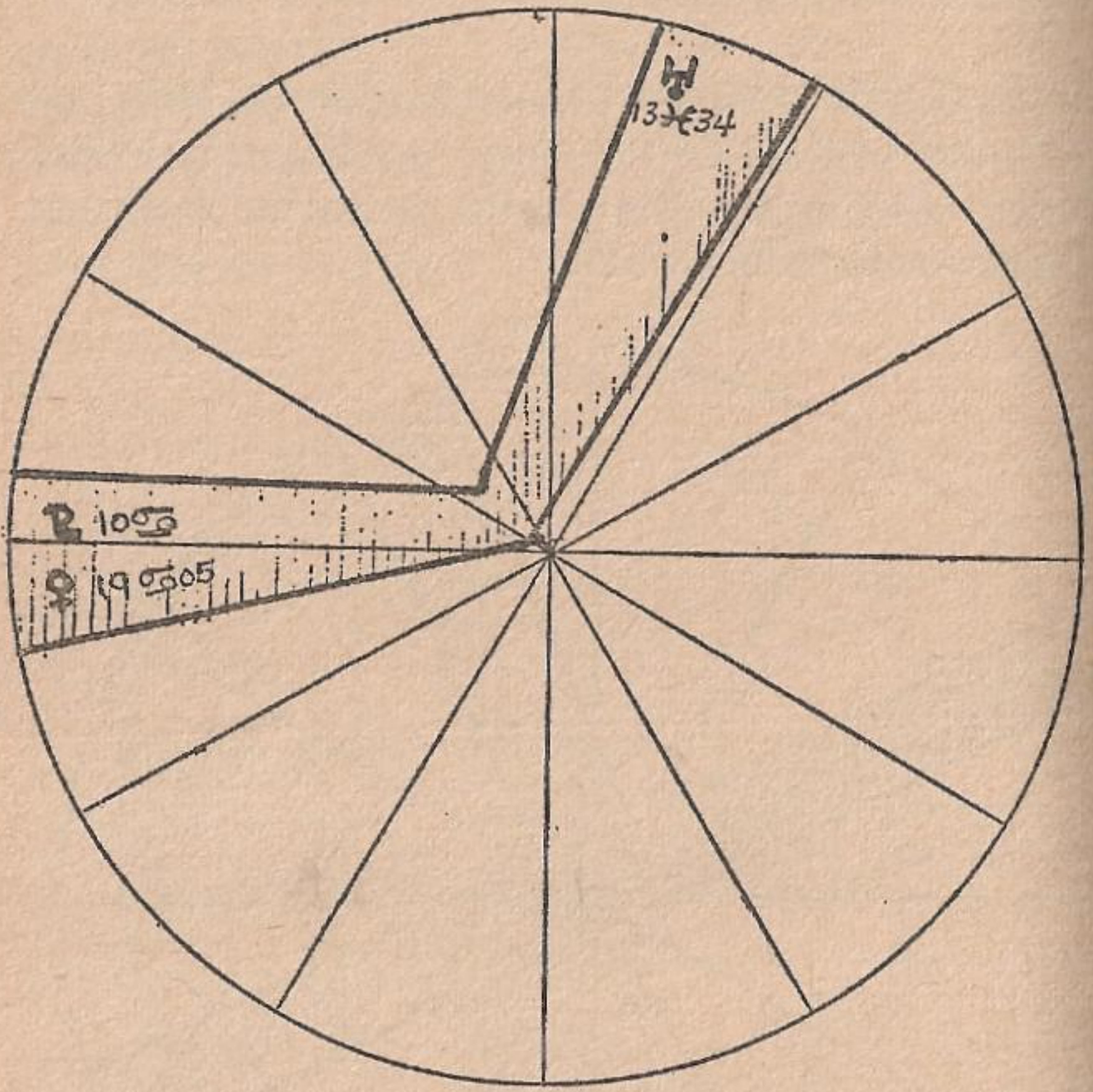
sign (Mercury in Cancer) and that of her Ascendant (Moon in Sagittarius) were opposite each other. And both formed a T-square to Saturn, ruler of her marriage house. She clearly had a difficult time reconciling her inner nature to the public, and her contacts with others could often be unfortunate.

Add to this the T-square formed by the Sun-Mars and Uranus, and you see an individual needing to establish a balance emotionally. She clearly needed to "keep her cool" more often than she did.



T-square Formed by Sun ☉, Mars ♂, And Uranus ♅

But Cancer is innately emotional, and with Venus and Pluto there in conjunction, and both trine Uranus, it is no wonder that the compulsion to be loved, and to love someone else took on a most peculiar bent.



♀ VENUS AND ♇ Pluto ☌ CONJUNCT
AND both △ TRINE ♅ URANUS

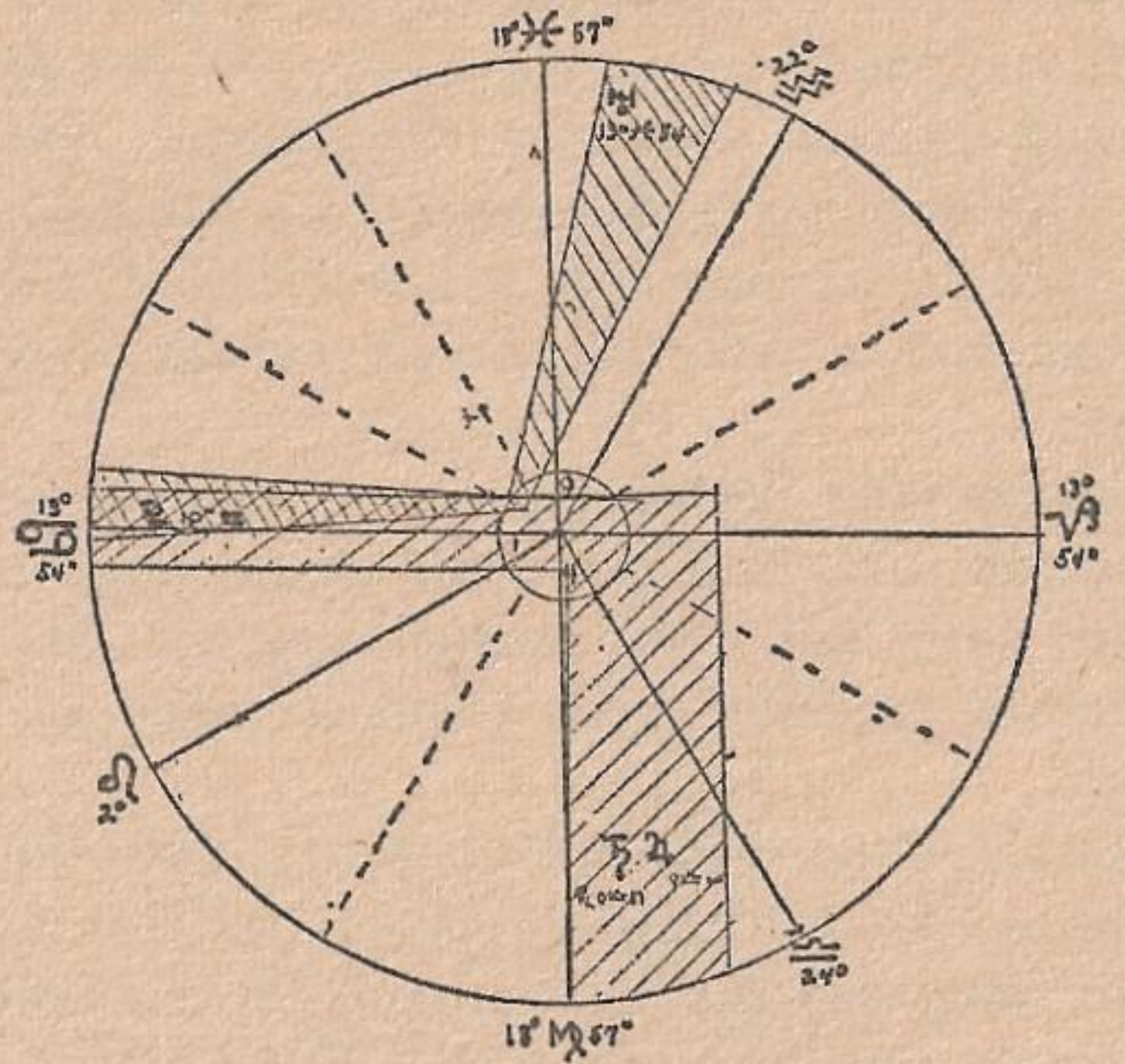
She was married five times. The first time was in 1942 to David Rose, and then four years later to director Vincente Minnelli. That ended in divorce in 1954 and she quickly married Sid Luft, by whom she had two children. This marriage took on a violent nature, and

she divorced him and married Mark Herron in 1965. This marriage, too, went on the rocks, and last January she married Mickey Deans, a discotheque owner in London. She also has a daughter, Liza Minnelli, born in 1946, who is an accomplished entertainer, with the button eyes and a voice hauntingly similar to that of her mother.

Judy regenerated herself constantly, and she felt the need to come back time and time again. Pluto on the Ascendant gave her this unusual quality. No other entertainer in modern show business made so many comebacks.

Fortunately Pluto was well aspected, with the trine to Uranus at the Midheaven, giving her that unusual quality of song, and the erratic habit of sometimes not even showing up for performances. But the God of Darkness was square to both Saturn and Jupiter, both in Libra and in the fourth house. This indicated that her domestic life was not helped one bit by her career. Likewise it indicated her constant need to travel, and seemingly possess everyone with whom she came in contact.

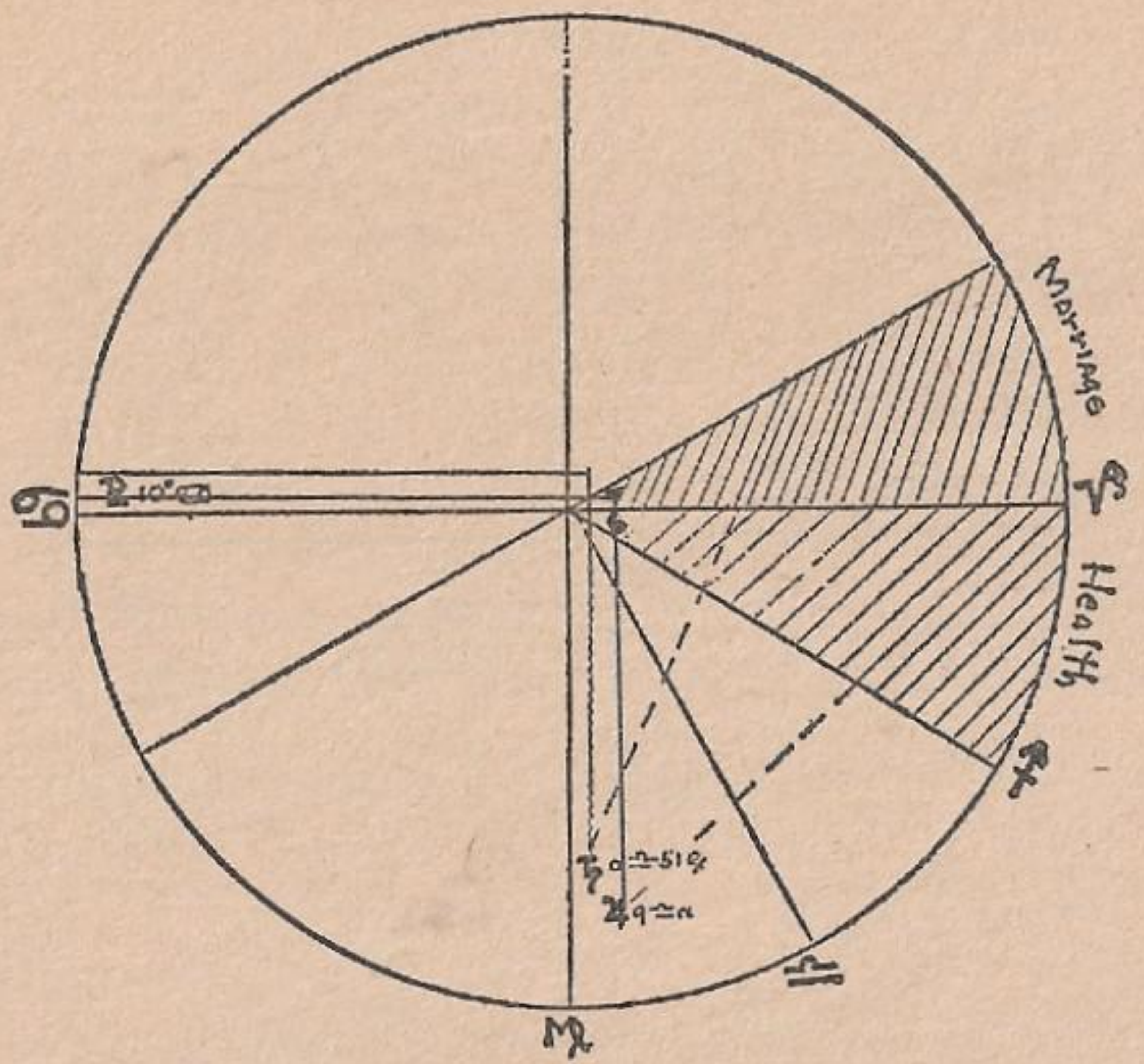
Jupiter, being the ruler of her health (6th) house and Saturn, the ruler of her marriage (7th) house, clearly show these areas afforded her the most misery. For Saturn denies, constricts and prohibits to a great degree. He makes you wait and ponder when the benefits will come. You either obey him or suffer his consequences.



▨ - Square Aspect - ♇ Pluto on Ascendant, to Saturn ♄ and Jupiter ♃

▧ - Trine Aspect, ♇ Pluto on Ascendant to ♅ Uranus at M. C.

Mars, being in the 6th house opposite the Sun in the 12th, made her the chronic insomniac that she was. It made her feel the need to get away from it all. Consequently she tried time and time again to attract attention to her plight, by taking pills, or attempting to take her life. Eventually, this need for love and attention would be her self-undoing as Uranus, ruler of the death (8th) house, squares it. She was clearly not an easy person to live with.

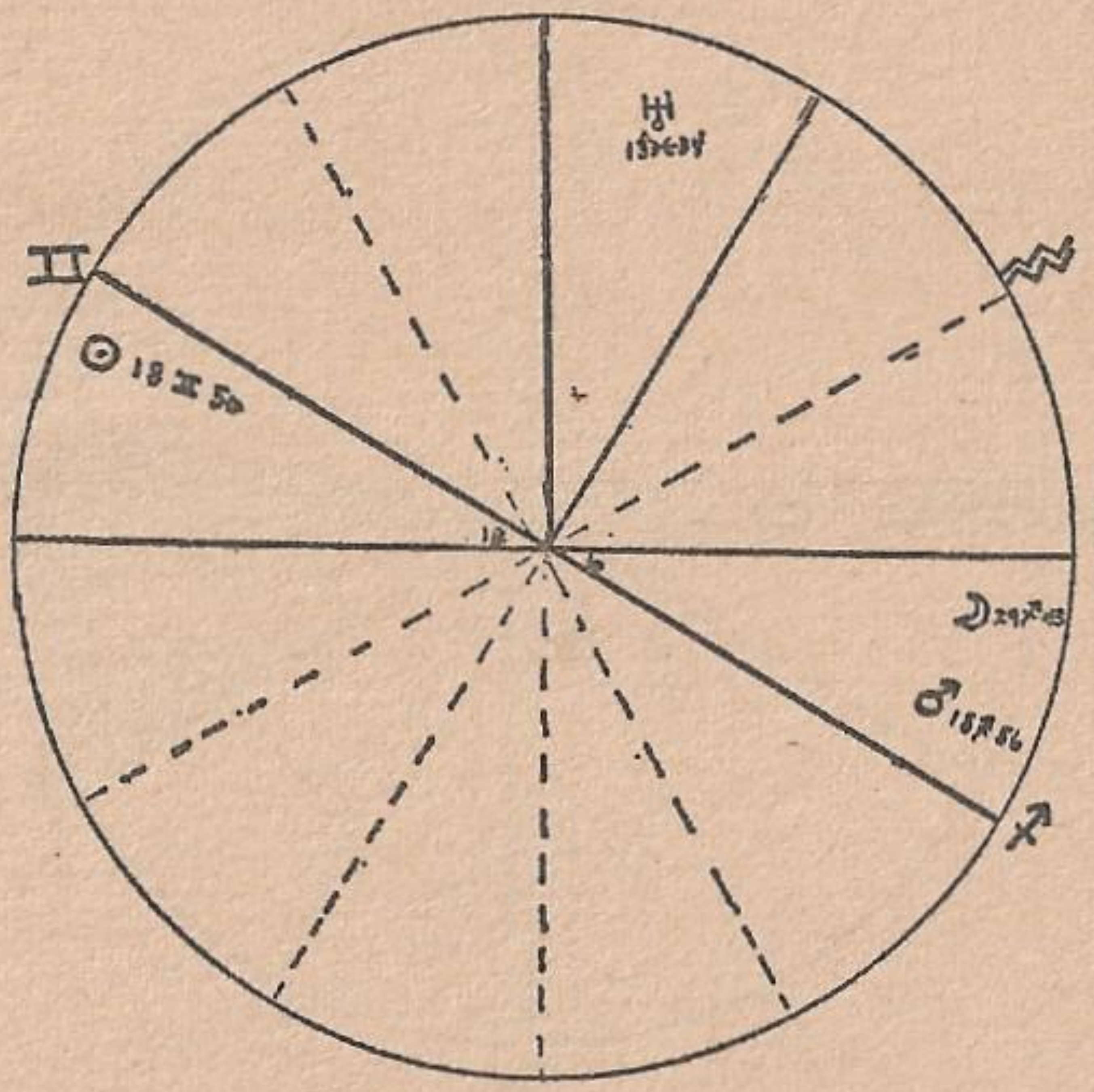


♃ Jupiter, ruler of her 6th House, Health – □ Square ♇ Pluto

♄ Saturn, ruler of her 7th House, Marriage – □ Square ♇ Pluto

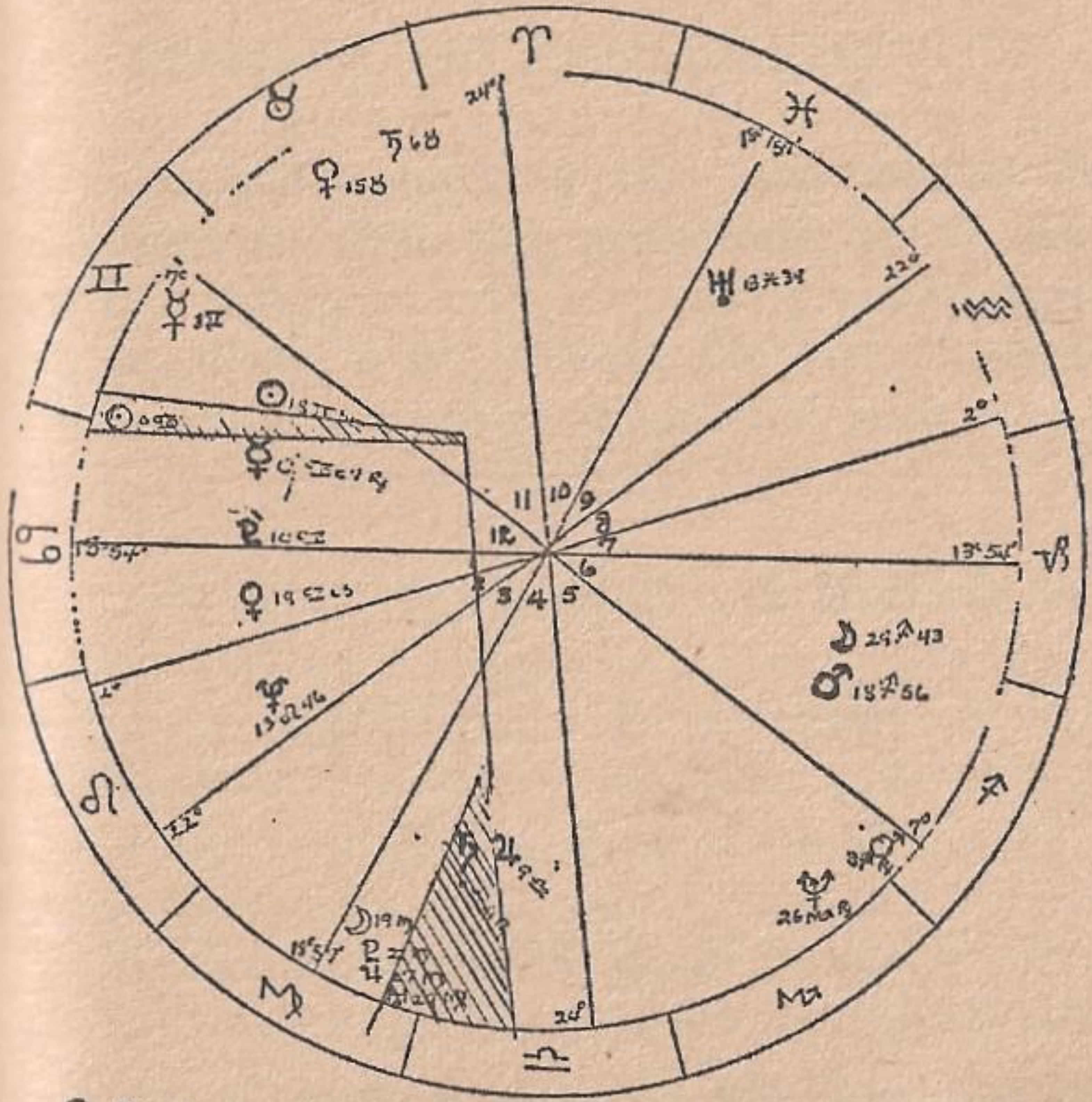
Her moon, ruler of her chart, is in the fated 29th degree of Sagittarius. For all practical purposes, it can be attributed with more Capricorn traits than with those of Jupiter. Capricorn rules constriction, as I have said, and Cancer, ruled by the Moon, rules emotion.

Her basic personality was an intense, passionate appearing nature (Pluto), but feeling the constriction and harboring all her emotions. She just could not channel her feelings wisely. As old Luna is also opposite the planet of reason, logic, and clear-thinking (Mercury), there was more emotion, rather than reason, behind most of her decisions.



♂ Mars in 6th House (Adjustments) in opposition To ☉ Sun
in her 12th House (Secret sorrows, inner)
♅ URANUS (ruler of Aquarius) Rules 8th House (Death) ☍ opposition
To Mars.
☽ Moon in the Fated 29° ♐ sagittarius

Judy was a creature of her own emotions. She felt intuitively most things that other people would have to sit down and reason out. Furthermore, both the Moon and Mercury square Saturn, the planet that gave her the final decree. When Uranus transited her natal Saturn and squared the transiting Sun on the day of her death, it made her plea for help and understanding unheard. At birth, the Sun and Uranus were also in square formation; and this does not denote longevity, in most cases.



☉ - Planets in Natal Chart
⊙ - Positions on Date of Death

June 22, 1969 URANUS ♅
TRANSited her NATAL SATURN ♄
with A TRANSiTiNG SUN ☉
SQUARING Them. in CONjUNCTION

There were, though, some favorable aspects giving her the need to express herself the way she did. The Sun trines Jupiter and sextiles the planet of dreams (Neptune). These planets rule her work houses (6th and 10th respectively). She was fortunate, indeed, in the choice of her career. What else could she have become other than a singer?

Could knowledge of herself through Astrology, or any other means, have saved Judy from untimely death at the age of 47? The answer to that question is too complex to deal with adequately within the space limitations provided.

JUDY'S PORTRAIT IN HER NUMBERS

Judy Garland was born as Frances Gumm on June 10, 1922. Using numerology, her birthdate computes to a three, and her given name also computes to a three. Using the precepts of numerology it is possible to determine from these basic numbers the motive forces in her life.

JUNE 10, 1922

6 1 14

6 + 1 + 5 = 12

1 + 2 = 3

The vibration of the birthdate is generally considered to be the Destiny number, revealing the innermost talents, aptitudes, and desires. For Judy, as a three, these talents and desires can be summed up in one phrase: creative self expression.

Those with a three vibration are continually expressing themselves, whether artistically, in writing, or vocally. As a three, despite her own inner doubts and confusion, Judy had the ability to spread happiness wherever she went. The three's are social creatures, and vitally concerned with people. This added dimension gave Judy the ability to express herself in front of people. She was able to put across her own pleasures and pathos in every song she sang. Indeed, all who heard her acclaimed Judy's ability to make any song dramatically her own—a personal message that she was sharing with the audience.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	

The number vibration of the name determines how the bearer will *express* his destiny. As a double three, using her given name of Frances Gumm, Judy's expression of her destiny intensified and emphasized the qualities explained above. The number three vibration belongs to those who are compelled to give, creatively, and compelled to inspire the joy of living, which often becomes hidden behind financial or emotional distress.

FRANCES GUMM

6+9+1+5+3+5+1=30 7+3+4+4=18

30 1+8 = 9

3 9 = 3+9+12

1 +2=3

When young Frances changed her name to Judy Garland, she took on the vibration of the number nine. Nine is the universal number, and those with this vibration are called to give entirely of themselves to all ranks and types of people. It is a self-sacrificing number, and takes on the love and concern for the multitudes. Nine is also the number of the true artist, as it belongs to he who gives all he has, selflessly, to the world.

JUDY GARLAND

1+3+4+7=15 7+1+9+3+1+5+4=30

1+5 =6 30=3

6 3 =6+3=9

By taking on the number nine, Judy expressed a subconscious desire and longing to give of herself to the entire world. Judy could not stay away from the public for long, as it was her nature to give, from what she had learned, in her own field of creativity: song. Consequently, she staged many comebacks, each of which was phenomenally successful.

Judy's numbers indicate that she was a born artist, compelled to give creatively to the entire world. She chose to channel her creativity into the field of music, where she was able, through the mass media of radio, television, movies and records, to reach the greatest number of people and do the greatest amount of good.

PART II

(This part was written especially for this book by William Howard, graphoanalyst and author.)

Judy Garland

Handwriting analysis is a specific science. In order to do an accurate, thorough analysis of any individual's handwriting, it is necessary to have the most representative and complete sample of that person's script it is possible to obtain. Specific factors such as margins, size and slant of the letters, the direction of base lines, spacing of words and lines, density of the lines forming letters, the pressure exerted upon the writing instrument by the writer, and numerous other measurable characteristics are needed by the graphologist in order to do a meaningful and complete analysis. To be specific, the graphologist must work with specifics, and the more the better.

While the individual's signature is normally the truest graphological representation of his essential self, the signature needs to be considered in relation to the writing it completes and acknowledges.

In order to make the most of the specimen available, it was decided to approach the grapho-analysis of Judy Garland from three directions: (1) the individual characteristics plainly shown in the specimen; (2) educated speculation as to other characteristics a truer specimen would have revealed; (3) Miss Garland's lifetime orientations as revealed in the three graphologial zones of her signature. This last approach is the most significant to this particular examination.

For purposes of grapho-analysis, handwriting is divided into three zones. To illustrate how the zones are determined, we shall use Miss Garland's first name.

It will help if you write the name "Judy" on a sheet of white, unlined paper. Next, draw parallel lines at the top of the letter "U" and the portions of the other letters directly adjoining it. Draw another line above the top of the largest "d," and another below the stem of the "y." Note that the formation of the letter "d" necessitates an ascending stroke which carries the travel of your pen above the level where the "u" and body of the other letters are formed. This area, or zone, where the upstrokes on the letters requiring them, whether such strokes are looped, formed by retracing the original stroke, or by a single initial stroke, is the zone where we must look for signs and degrees of Judy Garland's interest in the spiritual-philosophical aspects of life. This area is designated Zone 1.

Zone 2 is the area in which all letters requiring no upper or lower loops are formed and the area in which letters which require upper or lower formations, or both, originate. Zone 2 is the area in which are found graphological indications of an individual's involvement with the transitory, though necessary, processes which pertain to everyday life. These processes include those stemming from the subject's adaptation to environmental realities, ego expressions, and social relationships. In Zone 3, or the lower zone, we find expressions of Miss Garland's interest in material demands relating to self-preservation and of her sexual drive.

Zone 1, the upper zone, is the area of spiritual-philosophical interest. The middle zone, or Zone 2, has to do with mundane affairs, and Zone 3, the lower zone, is the area of expression for materialistic interests and the sex drive. Because these three zones will be of the most significance to our analysis of Judy Garland's signature, we shall consider first the character traits revealed in each.

In the handwriting of adolescents and the immature, the greatest development is found in Zone 2. From the middle zone develop extensions into the other two as the personality matures and the individual's thinking on the interests the zones represent enlarge and crystalize. All thought, therefore, originates in the area represented by the middle zone.

When lack of development is observed in the upper and lower zones, graphologists find immaturity and failure to develop long-term interests. Rather, there is a preoccupation with immediate satisfactions of transitory needs and desires. Since thought and, consequently, handwriting, which may be termed thought made visible, begins in the middle zone, it is customary for graphologists to consider Zone 2 first.

In the specimen of Judy Garland's signature used as the basis for this analysis, the middle zone measures three-sixteenths of an inch. By comparison, the upper zone measures one-half inch, over twice the height, and the lower zone descends to a depth of nine-sixteenths, or slightly over one-half inch. These proportions themselves yield significant interpretation which we shall discuss in more detail in the summary of zone analysis.

The oval letters in zone 2 show average width and extension, and are all completely enclosed. Connecting strokes are extended and softly rounded. From these factors we conclude that Judy Garland was a woman of only average social inclinations, but who made an effort to be more sociable and outgoing than it was her nature to be. Miss Garland was not one to tell all she knew, and she could be counted on not to betray a confidence. It was her nature to be kind to those about her, but the sharp tops on many of her letters reveal that Judy Garland also possessed an aggressive, competitive spirit. The rounded, rhythmic connecting strokes are also signs of the physical coordination which led to Judy's success as a dancer.

Note that some of the letters in this specimen are connected and that others are not. A count of nine connecting strokes reveals that five are connected, while the remainder are not joined to the others. The condition indicates that Judy Garland relied almost equally on logic and intuition. If this represents a true trend, we see the source of one of the conflicts which beset the tragic star.

Logic is an interrelation of facts or events calling for a certain inevitable and predictable conclusion, while intuition is the faculty of attaining direct knowledge of a situation without benefit of the facts. In other words, knowledge derived from an unexplained inner perception. Since Judy Garland's signature shows that she was almost equally divided in her application of logic and intuition to situations and since conclusions reached on the basis of these factors are usually at variance, we can imagine what a difficult time she must have had deciding whether to heed the voice of the facts or that of her personal feelings.

There is also a sign that Miss Garland sometimes let her mundane interests intrude upon the spiritual-philosophical aspects of her life. Note how the letter "r" in "Garland" incorporates an unconventional loop on the side toward the "a." This loop, as tiny as it may be, extends from the mundane plane into the upper realm of the abstract and intangible. This indicates that Miss Garland relied upon fantasy for the execution of a portion of her creative ideas, which might have borne richer fruit if they had been developed on a practical level before they could escape into fancy.

Before leaving the middle zone, take special note of the retraced strokes found on the right hand end of the letter "y" and inside and to the right in the initial letter of "Garland." These elongated loop formations are male sex symbols. For the present, it is sufficient to say that the presence of such symbols in the middle zone is highly significant to the understanding of Judy Garland's apparent life-long search for satisfaction.

Leaving the middle zone, we travel upward into the area which contains the graphological indices of abstract interest—the realm in which the mind and spirit of man lift him above the limits of environmental realities.

You will immediately notice that the loops on the two "d's" in this specimen and its one "l" extend well into Zone 1, and that these loops are inflated approximately twice as much as those in the middle zone. These enlarged loops are the signs of a rich, fertile imagination, which in Miss Garland's case, was tragically misapplied.

Note that the "d" in "Garland" is much higher and extended than the same letter in "Judy." Such enlargement of the small "d's" reveal that Miss Garland was extremely sensitive to criticism, so much so that a great deal of her mental energy must have been dissipated in worrying about what others thought of her and what she did or did not do. The fact that this characteristic shows greater development in Judy's family name suggests that she was more sensitive in regard to her family than to herself as an individual. This points to strong desire for parental approval, a condition about which she was likely in doubt. Thus Judy's own imagination was used to create much of the criticism from which she suffered.

The most development in all three zones is shown in the letter "l" in "Garland." If Judy had not chosen to become an actress, she might easily have been attracted by the life of a teacher, a scholar, or even a politician. A large loop on the small letter "l" is a graphological sign that the scriptor has a great love for intellectual activity, an affinity for speechmaking, and organizational ability. The same pointed tops which told us of Judy's competitive spirit reveal that Miss Garland's mind was capable of quick and profound penetration of matters that she attempted to comprehend, or written material she set out to absorb. These traits, together with the ones revealed by the highly developed letter "l," would ordinarily have marked Judy Garland for success in several professional fields.

Even favorable characteristics, however, can be modified by exaggeration and misdirected application. So great are the extensions and developments of the signs in Zone 1 that we must conclude that Judy Garland expended altogether too much of her powers of imagination in the creation of fantasies and daydreams into which she could escape from reality. It appears that Judy's dreams never came down to earth but that throughout her life she vainly sought the ideal life "somewhere over the rainbow. . . ."

Judy Garland was by no means without aspirations on the down-to-earth plane of material and physical considerations. Notice the length of the stems on the initial "J," and "y" and the letter "G" in Judy's signature. As a matter of fact, these descending strokes are longer than those which travel upward into Zone 1, measuring nine-sixteenths of an inch, or one-sixteenth inch longer than the ascending strokes.

The measurement of the downstrokes shows that Judy Garland's original interest in the preservation and satisfaction of her physical self were at least as great as her later need to escape these realities along with the others. It is also significant that the final stroke on the final "d" plunges well into Zone 3. Such a final stroke shows a sense of independence, seemingly a contra-indication in the very same letter which revealed her damaging concern for the opinions of others, gives us a clue as to the nature of still another of the soul-rending conflicts Judy Garland had to endure.

The material-physical zone is where Judy Garland's handwriting reveals the conflict which was perhaps the most destructive to the actress' personality. Observe closely the knotted formations at the terminal point of the descending letters, where the downstroke would normally end or where would begin the upswing which would result in the formation of a loop. The letters "y" and "g," especially when they appear as terminal letters are the usual locations of male and female sex symbols in handwriting.

Depending upon their length and inflation, when extended loops, like the ones on the letters "l" and "d" are found on terminal "g's" and "y's" in a woman's handwriting, they indicate interest in the male sex and normal methods of sexual satisfaction. When a woman's interest is, for some reason, centered upon her own body or her own sex, the loops on terminal "y's" and "g's" are usually replaced by triangles. The lack of either symbol is not, however, a sign of sexual indifference.

Judy Garland possessed a strong sex drive, as is shown by the long descending strokes on her "y" and "g." The intensity of her desire is reflected in the heavy lines of her strokes, resulting from heavy pressure on the pen. The fact that her desire craved frequent satisfaction reveals itself in the pronounced rightward slant of her signature. The knotted formations on the end of her “y” and “g,” however, are graphological evidence that Judy Garland’s passions were unsatisfied, and indeed, that she may have resorted to some method of devious sexual activity in pathetic attempts to overcome her frustration.

Is there anything in Miss Garland’s handwriting which might provide a clue as to why she failed to achieve satisfaction of her sexual needs in conventional ways? Turn back to the discussion of the graphological indications of immaturity at the beginning of the analysis of Zone 2. You will recall that emphasis on symbol formation in the middle zone of the handwriting of persons well past the adolescent stage of life was a sign of immaturity. Remember, also, that the presence of male sex symbols in the “y” which ends the word “Judy” and the “g” at the beginning of Garland were pointed out.

From these indications, one could theorize that Judy Garland failed to emerge from what Sigmund Freud called the Oedipedal stage of development. Freud theorized that at a certain stage of development every child went through a period in which he or she was sexually attracted to the parent of the opposite sex. In other words, a male child would form such an attachment for his mother and compete with his father, while a female child would be attracted to her father and view her mother as a rival. Freud believed that the Oedipal stage was a normal, in fact necessary, step in the directing of the child’s characteristic self-interest to an external love-object. Failure either to enter the Oedipal stage or to emerge from it, Freud taught, resulted in neurosis, which manifested itself in the search for devious and infantile methods of sexual satisfaction, plus a more or less permanent fixation on the parental love-object.

The discovery of male sex symbols in Zone 2 of Judy Garland’s handwriting gives rise to speculations as to whether the film star’s frustrations were rooted in a situation similar to the one engendered by a failure to emerge from the stage of development in which she would have formed a normal attachment to her father. Failing to emerge from that stage because of emotional deprivation at the time when she most needed it, Judy spent her life in a futile search for a figure who could be to her what she desired of her father. The frustration rooted in such a striving and the subconscious feeling of guilt generated by the hidden knowledge of a socially-forbidden passion have driven less sensitive people than Judy Garland to tragic depths of self-hatred and despair.

We have drawn the graphological portrait of a famous personality, who carried through life the potential for greatness. We have seen maturity branch out from adolescent preoccupation with incidentals and penetrate both the area of self-preservation and biological fulfillment and the realm where mind holds intercourse with the Spirit that lifts the human creature above the considerations of the world and the needs and desires of the flesh.

We have seen the graphological record of how the first trend wilted for lack of emotional nourishment into a twisted knot of frustration at the very tip of its symbol of fulfillment, and we have seen how the other grew into spiritual malignancy that pushed aside the controls of reason and intelligence in its desire to escape from the material counterpart. We cannot say postively why the personality of Judy Garland resorted to such extreme measures, but grapho-analysis of her signature has provided some poignant clues.

Although the graphological factor of zoning has provided the core of our analysis of Judy Garland's signature, individual characteristics observed in the eleven letters comprising that signature add meaning to the findings we have described so far, and contribute several new factors.

Perhaps the most striking feature of Judy Garland's signature is its pronounced slant to the right. Measured with a protractor, the strokes are seen to form an angle of 130 degrees. The slant of an individual's writing reveals how he will react to emotional situations, the degrees and promptness of his reaction increasing in relationship to the increase of the angle of slant.

Miss Garland's measurement is not the most extreme angle observed by graphologists, but it is sufficient to show that the actress was ruled almost entirely by her emotions. She was the type of promptly expressive individual of whom it would have once been said that "she wears her heart on her sleeve." The nature of Judy's response would be closer to empathy than sympathy, as she would tend to enter into the joy or sorrow of a moment in a demonstrative way.

Judy appears to have been the type who could be inspired to expressions of joy by the happiness of another, even that of strangers, and who would be moved to tears by a sad movie or story, and by written accounts of tragedy, either factual or overtly fictitious.

The fairly heavy density of the line signifies that Judy Garland was a person who was deeply affected by the emotional experiences she encountered, so much so that she would retain them in vivid detail in her memory and incorporate their effects into her total emotional response. Judy Garland would be one to long

remember acts of kindness, as well as injuries and insults. She would have been inclined to hold a grudge for a long time and to remember a benefactor with equal intensity.

Remembering the brilliant and colorful effects that contributed much to Miss Garland's movies, it is no surprise that she should be fondest of the strong reds, greens, blues, yellows, and the combinations that created a permanent memorial to Judy Garland in Technicolor.

The same density of stroke points to the hearty appetite that sometimes caused Judy grief in the form of overweight problems. The things that Judy needed, she needed in large quantities. Miss Garland was also fond of exotic things, and constantly in need of new forms of satisfaction.

In handwriting analysis, movement is shown by the writing's slant and margin, the width of its word spacing, the placement of the signature beneath the writing, and other factors not available for this particular analysis. Because of its degree of slant, however, it is almost certain that a more complete specimen of Judy Garland's script would show movement to the right.

Among other things, this means that, as a child, Judy Garland was strongly drawn to her father with a corresponding attraction to a life of adventure and action. Missing are the graphological signs which would add to the foregoing list, the desire for the exploration of new areas, a characteristic which more often than not goes with rightward movement.

There are two slight indications of leftward movement in the signature. These take on added significance because of the influence they exert on the finding discussed under Zone 2 relating to the sex symbols traced in the parts of the "y" and "g" found in that zone. If one tries to duplicate these formations, he finds that in both instances these formations require a definite swing of the pen to the left.

If leftward movement is the predominant trend in handwriting, it means that the writer tends to live in the past, that he prefers the realm of ideas and thought to the world of adventure and action; and to a varying extent, he desires to return to an imagined childhood world of complete love and total dependence. In the case of Judy Garland's signature, in which rightward movement is the predominant trend, it appears that these two instances of leftward motion forming phallic symbols reveal a subconscious wish to return to, or adhere to, immature forms of sexual satisfaction.

Although the large size and relative shortness of this signature cause its base line to appear straight, closer examination reveals that the base line of Judy Garland's signature forms a soft arch. The base line rises gently above a straight line toward the center, then makes a gradual descent to a level just below the original starting line. This indicates that at the beginning of her undertakings, Miss Garland displayed an average amount of energy and enthusiasm with the tendency for these qualities to increase until the end of a project was in sight. Judy would then become mentally and physically depleted and would be forced to resort to drastic measures in order to see the project through to its conclusion.

The personality of Judy Garland was fraught with conflict and contradiction. It appears that Miss Garland, like many others, imposed some of the restrictions leading to conflict upon herself, and overcame a portion of her natural inclinations in order to achieve objectives which enhanced her image as an actress, or which she hoped would bring added tranquility of mind and spirit.

Although Judy was decidedly not anti-social, neither was she a "social lion." In spite of the gregarious qualities she displayed in her film roles and in her everyday contacts with others, there is definite graphological evidence that Miss Garland also desired a measure of the solitude sought by all who, as she did, have an affinity for intellectual activities that require one to be alone with oneself. It is possible that the repression of her natural reserve was the starting point of Judy's gradual withdrawal from reality. On the other hand, the need for an audience also reveals itself in Judy Garland's graphic representation of herself.

The handwriting of successful actresses and actors, singers, dancers, pulpit preachers and others whose occupations require them to appear before an audience, is normally larger than the average. This same larger-than-average handwriting, when executed by adolescents, is an indication of a damaged, in some cases crushed, ego. This is especially so if the signature is significantly larger than the body of the writing.

It is interesting to ponder whether the young Judy Garland experienced feelings of rejection and emotional deprivation to the point where her life came to be dedicated to the search for universal affection and approval. At any rate, we have seen that her search led to a withdrawal of interest from the things that comprise conventional reality. Miss Garland's natural inclination toward the intangible, yet eternal, realities of the spiritual and philosophical aspects of human life somehow became transformed into a quest for a magical land of Oz where Judy's "unrealistic" dreams of perfect fulfillment and satisfaction could become realities in fantasy.

Judy Garland apparently extended so much of her imagination to the pursuit of this ideal that the psychic energy that could have been applied to the task of building financial security and obtaining satisfaction for her physical needs was misapplied. The result was the always unsuccessful attempt to satisfy material-physical needs in ways which are normally reserved for the achievement of intangible objectives. The foregoing trend, together with Judy's almost equal reliance on logic and intuition, points to possible psychic ability.

Miss Garland was an emotional individual, virtually ruled by her feelings. Her response to emotional situations, even those which did not directly involve her, was prompt and demonstrative. She was one who literally wept with those who wept, and laughed with those who rejoiced.

There may be those who knew Judy Garland, or as much of her as she cared to reveal, who will disagree with these findings, perhaps with justification. Graphoanalysis, like any system of personality analysis, is not infallible.

It needs to be said, too, that handwriting analysis reveals not so much what a person does, but how he or she *thinks.* Handwriting is thought made visible, and that means total thought, conscious and subconscious, including repressed thoughts and wishes of which the writer himself is often not consciously aware. For this reason, handwriting, when it is correctly interpreted, becomes more representative of an individual than any one of the several images that he may have created to show to the world. As a person thinks, so he is—and so he writes.

PART III

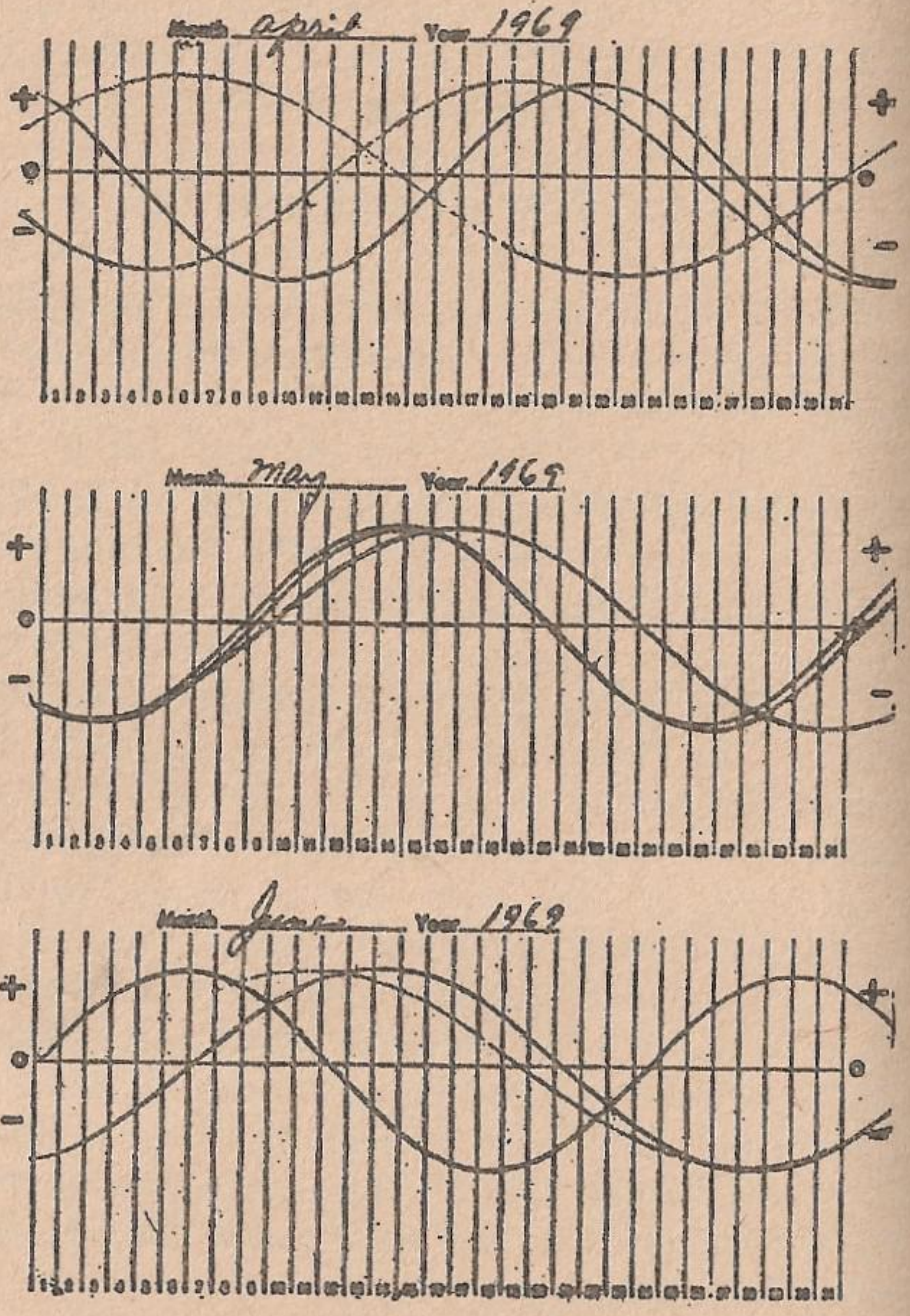
THE EVIDENCE OF BIORHYTHM

(Judy's Biorhythm chart was prepared especially for this book by Mary Luther Clark, Pyramid Publishing Co., Perry, Iowa.)

Biorhythm indicates the Nature Cycles for mankind. There are natural rhythms and cycles found in every living creature. It has been determined by a group of European doctors, who have researched Biorhythm, that there are three nature cycles, the Intellectual, the Emotional, and the Physical. It is the Biorhythm theory that a proper charting of these cycles can predict patterns of behavior and warn of critical times for the individual. Critical times are the dates full of danger or difficulty and are considered the "switch point" days.

On the chart given for Judy Garland (born June 10, 1922, 6:30 A.M.) a three-month period was charted—April, May, June—to show the Intellectual 33-day cycle, the Emotional 28-day cycle, and the Physical 23-day cycle of each month. Critical days are the ones in which a cycle switches from the high period into the low, crossing the zero line.

The Garland chart for June shows almost a double critical starting point on the 20th and the 21st, going on down through the 22nd with the 23-day cycle of the physical strength, endurance, energy, resistance, and



Judy Garland June - 10 - 1922
Died June - 22 - 1969

confidence already below the zero line, but rising and crossing the still-dropping 33-day cycle of intelligence, memory, mental alertness, logic, reasoning power, reaction, agility. The Intellectual and Emotional cycles drop nearly hand-in-hand.

All cycles were below the zero line from the 20th through the 22nd, although it would seem that there could have been much confusion and lack of logic and memory along with moodiness and extreme nervousness starting on the 20th of June with the beginning of the double critical crossing already in existence and the Physical already down below the zero line.

If one will note, the crossover days started on June 19th, with one cycle, and between June 20th and 21st with the other. In other words, there were no days of let up in the period, which began on the 19th and the 22nd.

It seems as if even a cry for help could not have helped her too much at this point. Much of the danger rested on Judy's own lack of memory and her inability to recall.

Chapter Fourteen

GARLANDS TO LAY AT HER FEET

"I can't let her public not see her, but I intend it to be done with taste," said Liza Minnelli, as she made funeral arrangements for her famous mother. "I know my mother was a great star and a great talent, but I am not thinking about those things today. What I am thinking about is the woman, my mother, and what a lovely, vital and extraordinary woman she was. It is because of my memory of that woman that all my life I will be proud to say, 'I am Judy Garland's daughter.' "

Surely such an affirmation from one's oldest child is an eulogy to be envied by any parent. There was little else about Judy's death that could be considered at all satisfying even to the most lachrymose Romantic—the body sprawled naked in the bathroom, the indications of a last, violent sickness, the suggestion of suicide.

Indeed, as *Variety* mused, the only fact of her death that would probably have pleased Judy was the extensive news coverage given her demise in the global Press. The New York *Times'* story spilled over from its front page to a full page of personal history on the inside. The *Daily News* gave its entire front page to Judy's death and followed that up with four pages of biography and a promise of an additional two-part follow-up. Newspapers throughout the nation and around the world gave Judy the same kind of lithographical farewell.

"Perhaps a reason for our concern over Miss Garland's sorrows was that we had watched her grow old before our eyes," speculated Harriet Van Horne in the New York *Post*. "She will always be dear to our hearts because we wove her songs into the sweetness and the sorrow of our own youth."

As the body was being shipped to New York from London, Dr. Philip Lebon, Judy's former London surgeon, made a statement to the Press that she had been suffering from cirrhosis of the liver. According to Dr. Lebon, he and another Harley St. specialist had examined Judy in 1961 and told her that she could expect to live five more years at best. Dr. Lebon suggested that

even though Judy was a "great fighter," her alcoholism had brought about her death.

"It wasn't suicide, it wasn't sleeping pills, it wasn't cirrhosis," Liza Minnelli told U.S. newsmen while they awaited the coroner's report from London. "The doctor who made that statement is no great friend of the family," she added.

Westminister Coroner Galvin Thurston bore out Miss Minnelli's fervent assertions when he released the results of an inquest which he had conducted on the body of Judy Garland. Because of Judy's global fame and to preclude any suggestion that the authorities might be attempting to hush up a suicide, Thurston explained, he had decided to hold an inquest and make public its findings.

"Judy Garland accidentally killed herself with an incautious self-overdosage of sleeping tablets," Thurston said. "This was clearly an accidental circumstance with somebody dependent on barbituates over a long period."

The Westminister Coroner stated that excessive drinking had nothing to do with Judy's death. "I think one should bring it out publicly that there was no question here of alcoholism," he told reporters.

In describing their last night together, Mickey Deans said that they had gone to sleep that night with Judy's feet up against him to keep warm. He was awakened that morning by a telephone call from America. Judy was not in bed. Puzzled, he went to look for her and found the bathroom door locked.

"Locking the bathroom door was a habit of Judy's," Deans explained later. "It went back to her days at M-G-M when she was a self-conscious little girl of eleven, standing in a slip with men walking all around her."

Deans looked over a partition of a dressing room being built and saw Judy slumped on the floor of the bathroom. He climbed over the wall and found her dead.

Deans emphatically denied that his wife was a heavy drinker, but he told how she regularly took Seconal sleeping pills, and had since her days at M-G-M. Twice before Judy had exceeded the normal dosage. Deans also mentioned that his wife took another drug which was supposed to slow down her heart.

Derek Pocock, a pathologist, added his testimony to that of Coroner Thurston's when he stated that a post-mortem had not revealed any sign of cirrhosis of the liver nor anything that might suggest excessive use of alcohol.

On June 27th, the day of the funeral, crowds began arriving before dawn at the Frank E. Campbell Funeral Home. Police stood behind barricades to insure Liza Minnelli's wish that her mother be given the kind of send off she would have wanted, "bright and lovely."

Thousands of elderly women with handkerchiefs pressed to tear-glistening cheeks, thousands of young men weeping unashamedly, each carrying a single rose to lay at her coffin, thousands of teen-aged girls with Garland's record albums and color portraits pressed to their bosoms, thousands of beggars, cripples, hippies, housewives, secretaries, nuns, priests, office workers, packed 81st Street between Madison and Fifth Avenues and stood in line for up to four hours to view the glass-enclosed casket containing the fleshly shell of Judy Garland.

"I don't remember crowds of this magnitude," said Ted Thorne, vice-president of Campbell's. "And I go back 20 years."

Bernard Weinraub, writing in the New York *Times*, provided a word-picture for the masses who could not glimpse in person the final image of Judy Garland lying in state: "Miss Garland's slight, frail body was clothed in the high-necked gray chiffon gown in which she had been married in March. Silver slippers with silver buckles were on her feet. Her hands covered a prayer book that rested near the gown's gold and pearl belt. She wore a triple strand wedding ring on the little finger of her right hand."

Rev. Peter Delaney, who had married Judy and Mickey Deans, officiated at private funeral services which began at 1:00 P.M. in the chapel. James Mason, Judy's co-star in *A Star Is Born*, delivered the eulogy. Such friends and performers as Frank Sinatra, Cary Grant, Lauren Bacall, June Allyson, Katherine Hepburn, Mickey Rooney, Ray Bolger, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bobby Short, and Sid Caesar were invited to the services. After the rites in the chapel, Judy's body was taken to Ferncliff Cemetery in Hartsdale, New York, for interment.

"It was her love of life that carried her through everything," Liza Minnelli Allen told reporters. "The middle of the road bored her. She wanted the pinnacle of excitement. She lived eighty lives in one."

How can anyone analyze the special Garland magic? "She sent out yoga waves," one of her former musicians said. "She had every heart with her. I respected her so much I would have worked for her for nothing."

It seems that, above all else, Judy Garland was one of the Special Ones who have been touched with the God-given blessing of being able to accomplish instant communication. This wonderful talent of spontaneously relaying what one feels in his heart without being distracted by the negative vibrations of greed, fear, self-pity, or aloofness appears to be steadily decreasing in our high-powered, hyper-accelerated age of mass communication. Judy Garland was, in some magical-mystical way, granted the divine ability to be able to slice through the psychic cobwebs, the mental briar patches, and establish heart-to-heart rapport with everyone who *really* listened to her sing.

"Please," Judy once said, "all I am is Judy Garland. I am tired of trying to behave like Judy Garland is supposed to behave. I don't think many people could have lived through what I have. I'm glad I'm a woman with enough guts to cry about the lonely, dead-end streets of her life, but I'm still a woman with a dream in her throat."

Appendix A:

JUDY'S FILMS AND THE CRITICS

EVERY SUNDAY (1936)

Judy's talents were first used in this two-reel short subject. She was fourteen at the time. Appearing in the film with her was Deanna Durbin. Felix Feist was the director. Deanna sang classical songs, and Judy sang "swing."

There has been some question as to original title of this mini-movie. Joe Pasternak recalls it as ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, while other sources refer to it as EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON. It is listed officially on current M-G-M records as EVERY SUNDAY. Full-length feature films bearing the titles EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON and ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON were subsequently released.

PIGSKIN PARADE
20th Century Fox (1936)

Directed by David Butler
Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck

THE CAST:

Amos Dodd	STUART ERWIN
Bessie Winters	PATSY KELLY

Slug Winters	JACK HALEY
Chip Carson	JOHNNY DOWNS
Laura Watson	BETTY GRABLE
Salley Saxon	ARLINE JUDGE
Ginger Jones	DIXIE DUNBAR
Sairy Dodd	JUDY GARLAND
Tommy Barker	ANTHONY (TONY) MARTIN

This was a collegiate comedy following the college football formula plot. It concerned a hillbilly melon thrower (Stu Erwin) who became a popular football star in the big time. The ingenue he wooed and won was played by Betty Grable. Judy played the hero's younger sister, who was always on hand to cheer up dark moments with songs.

Judy sang such numbers as: "It's Love I'm After," "The Texas Tornado," and "The Balboa."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Times: "Also in the newcomer category is Judy Garland, about twelve or thirteen now, about whom the West Coast has been enthusing as a vocal find. . . . She's cute, not too pretty, but a pleasingly fetching personality, who certainly knows how to sell a pop."

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938
M-G-M (1937)

Produced by Jack Cummings
Directed by Roy Del Ruth

THE CAST:

Steve Raleigh	ROBERT TAYLOR
Sally Lee	ELEANOR POWELL
Sonny Ledford	GEORGE MURPHY
Caroline Whipple	BINNIE BARNES
Alice Clayton	SOPHIE TUCKER
Peter Trot	BUDDY EBSEN
Betty Clayton	JUDY GARLAND
Nino Simonini	CHARLES I. GORIN
Herman Whipple	RAYMOND WALBURN
Hamilton Brown	ROBERT BENCHLEY

The plot revolved around a Broadway producer (Robert Taylor) who ran short of the cash he needed to open his show. He meets a tap-dancer (Eleanor Powell) who owns a race horse capable of winning a big race. In the film, Sophie Tucker runs a theatrical boarding house and boasts a talented daughter (Judy).

Judy sang: "Dear Mr. Gable," "Everybody Sing," "Yours and Mine."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Times: "[There are] individual successes in the film . . . [The] amazing precocity of Judy Garland, Metro's answer to Deanna Durbin. . . . Miss Garland particularly has a long tour de force in which she addresses lyrical apostrophes to a picture of Clark Gable. The idea and words are almost painfully silly—yet Judy . . . puts it over—in fact with a bang.” (Bosley Crowther.)

The New York Herald Tribune: “. . . A girl named Judy Garland . . . does a heart-rending song about her unrequited love for Clark Gable, which the audience seemed to like.” (Marguerite Tazelaar)

THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY
M-G-M (1937)

Produced by Harry Rapf
Directed by Alfred E. Green

THE CAST:

Cricket West	JUDY GARLAND
Tim Donahue	MICKEY ROONEY
Mother Ralph	SOPHIE TUCKER
Sir Peter Calverton	C. AUBREY SMITH
Roger Calverton	ROBERT SINCLAIR
Wilkins	FORRESTER HARVEY
Hilda	HELEN TROY
“Click” Donahue	CHARLES D. BROWN
Dink Reid	FRANKIE DARRO
“Doc” Godfrey	HENRY KOLKER

Mickey Rooney plays a vain jockey who is persuaded to throw a race in order to raise the money for his father's desperately needed iron lung. Judy plays a boarding house friend who is always on hand to cheer up

the disillusioned jockey. Robert Sinclair is the son of a titled Englishman who comes to America with his horse and stays at the same boarding house.

Judy sang, “Got a New Pair of Shoes.”

CRITICAL COMMENT:

Newsweek: “Three child actors, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, and Robert Sinclair, handle the occasional laughs and thrills of this frankly hokum story. . . .”

EVERYBODY SING
M-G-M (1938)

Produced by Harry Rapf
Directed by Edwin L. Marin

THE CAST:

Ricky Saboni	ALLAN JONES
Olga Chekaloff	FANNY BRICE
Judy Bellaire	JUDY GARLAND
Hillary Bellaire	REGINALD OWEN
Diana Matthews Bellaire	BILLIE BURKE
Jerrold Hope	REGINALD GARDINER
Sylvia Bellaire	LYNNE CARVER
Hillary's Secretary	HELEN TROY
John Fleming	MONTY WOOLLEY

In this film, Judy, the daughter of theatrical parents, is sent home from school after turning that staid establishment into a swing session. She eventually saves the family fortune by getting a part in her mother's newest play, directed by her father. The family maid (Fanny Brice) assists her in her antics.

Judy sings: "Sweet Chariot," "Down on Melody Farm," "Swing Mr. Mendelssohn," "Why? Because" (with Fanny Brice).

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Times: "It is . . . only fair to admit that Judy Garland of the rhythm, writin' and 'rithmetic age is a superb vocal technician, despite her not exactly underemphasized immaturity."

LISTEN, DARLING
M-G-M (1938)

Produced by Jack Cummings
Directed by Edwin L. Marin

THE CAST:

Buzz Mitchell	FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
Pinkie Wingate	JUDY GARLAND
Dottie Wingate	MARY ASTOR
Richard Thurlow	WALTER PIDGEON
J. J. Slattery	ALAN HALE
Uncle Joe	CHARLEY GRAPEWIN
Billie Wingate	SCOTTY BECKETT
Mr. Drubbs	GENE LOCKHART
Abercrombie	BARNETT PARKER
Mr. Laribee	BYRON FOULGER

Two youngsters (Judy and Freddie Bartholomew)

decide that her young widowed mother's (Mary Astor) choice of suitor is not in their favor. To prevent her marriage, they kidnap her in a locked trailer and search the countryside for a more suitable husband. With the help of a kid brother, (Scotty Beckett) and a kindly old friend (Charley Grapewin) they succeed in steering her to favored Walter Pidgeon.

Judy's songs included, "Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart," "On the Bumpy Road to Love."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Times: "Besides being a charming little miss, Judy Garland has a fresh young voice which she uses happily. . . ."

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY
M-G-M (1938)

Produced by Lou Ostrow
Directed by George B. Seitz

THE CAST:

Judge Hardy	LEWIS STONE
Andy Hardy	MICKEY ROONEY
Betsy Booth	JUDY GARLAND
Marian Hardy	CECILIA PARKER
Polly Benedict	ANN RUTHERFORD
Cynthia	LANA TURNER
Mrs. Hardy	FAY HOLDEN
Dennis Hunt	DON CASTLE
Jimmy McMahon	GENE REYNOLDS
Augusta	MARIE BLAKE
Beezy	GEORGE BREAKSTON

Into the frenetic life of Andy Hardy (Mickey Rooney), who is trying to make the first payment on his new jalopy, come three girls, all insisting that he take them to the Christmas dance. Judy played the role of Betsy Booth, an out-of-town visitor to the town of Carvel, who helps Andy solve his problems so he can lead her in the grand march at the dance.

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Herald Tribune: "Altogether the best of the 'Judge Hardy' series . . . Mickey Rooney gives an exuberant performance. . . . If the comedy falters, it is because an ill-advised attempt has been made to bring in some musical numbers . . . Judy sings them and they are catchy enough pieces but they have no proper place in this sort of show."

THE WIZARD OF OZ
M-G-M (1939)

Produced by Mervyn LeRoy
Directed by Victor Fleming

THE CAST:

Dorothy	JUDY GARLAND
Professor Marvel	FRANK MORGAN
Hunk Andrews	RAY BOLGER
Zeke	BERT LAHR
Hickory Twicker	JACK HALEY
Glinda	BILLIE BURKE
Almira Gulch	MARGARET HAMILTON
Auntie Em	CLARA BLANDICK
Uncle Henry	CHARLEY GRAPEWIN
Nikko	PAT WALSHE
The Singer Midgets	

The fantasy of a Kansas farm girl who is transported in a tornado to the magical land over the rainbow. There she meets the Scarecrow, who longs for a brain; the Tinman, who seeks a heart; and the Cowardly Lion, in need of courage. Together they travel to the Emerald City of Oz, talk with the fabulous wizard, fight the Wicked Witch of the West, and gradually learn that the qualities they seek are already within themselves.

In this show Judy introduced the song that will forever be synonomous with her name, "Over the Rainbow." She also sang: "Follow the Yellow Brick Road," "We're Off To See the Wizard."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Daily News: "4 stars. Judy Garland is perfectly cast as Dorothy. She is as clever a little actress as she is a singer and her special style of vocalizing is ideally adapted to the music of the picture." (Kate Cameron)

The New York Times: "Judy Garland's Dorothy is a pert and fresh-faced miss with the wonderlit eyes of a believer in fairy tales." (Frank S. Nugent)

The New York Post: "Excellent. Brilliantly technicolored . . . a beautiful and humorous fantasy the appeal of which is not limited to juvenile trade . . . Miss Garland makes a delightful Dorothy. . . ." (Archer Winston)

BABES IN ARMS
M-G-M (1939)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Busby Berkeley

THE CAST:

Mickey Moran	MICKEY ROONEY
Patsy Barton	JUDY GARLAND
Joe Moran	CHARLES WINNINGER
Rosalie Essex	JUNE PREISSER
Florrie Moran	GRACE HAYES
Molly Moran	BETTY JAYNES
Don Brice	DOUGLAS MacPHAIL
Martha Steele	MARGARET HAMILTON
Judge Black	GUY KIBBEE
Jeff Steele	RAND BROOKS
Mrs. Barton	ANN SHOEMAKER
Maddox	HENRY HULL

A reworked broadway hit by Rogers and Hart, including some of Busby Berkeley's best musical ideas. It was largely a vehicle for the many talents of both Judy and Mickey, utilizing their knowledge and facility with vaudeville. The plot revolved around their efforts to revive and update the old vaudeville routines.

Judy sang: "I Cried for You," "Good Morning" (with Rooney), "Where or When", "Minstrel Show" (with Rooney, Jaynes and MacPhail), "Babes in Arms" (with Rooney, MacPhail and Jaynes.)

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Post: "Perked up by . . . Mickey's

mugging and undeniable song and dance talents, and by Judy Garland's simply swell sense of swing . . . *Babes in Arms* is quite a show. . . ." (Irene Thirer)

The New York Herald Tribune: "Mickey and Judy are better than ever." (Robert Dana)

ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE
M-G-M (1940)

Produced by J. J. Cohn
Directed by George B. Seitz

THE CAST:

Judge Hardy	LEWIS STONE
Andy Hardy	MICKEY ROONEY
Marian Hardy	CECILIA PARKER
Mrs. Hardy	FAY HOLDEN
Betsy Booth	JUDY GARLAND
Polly Benedict	ANN RUTHERFORD
Daphne Fowler	DIANA LEWIS
Beezy	GEORGE BREAKSTON
Aunt Milly	SARA HADEN
Underwood	GEORGE LESSEY
Jordan	HARRY TYLER

In Mickey Rooney's ninth appearance as Andy Hardy, he and the entire family arrive in New York where the judge is trying a case. Andy gets introduced into high society and falls for the nation's number one deb (Diana Lewis). Betsy Booth is on hand to give Andy pointers on social etiquette, and once again enters into the romantic ring surrounding Andy Hardy.

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Herald Tribune: "Three leading women have been enlisted for the offering . . . Judy Garland is altogether the best of them, playing a hero-worshipping girl from the city who has the small-town boy invited to a coming out party and attracts his romantic interest momentarily by singing some torch songs. . . ." (Howard Barnes)

STRIKE UP THE BAND
M-G-M (1940)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Busby Berkeley

THE CAST:

Jimmy Connors	MICKEY ROONEY
Mary Holden	JUDY GARLAND
Paul Whiteman	HIMSELF
Barbara Frances Morgan	JUNE PREISSER
Philip Turner	WILLIAM TRACY
Willie Brewster	LARRY NUNN
Annie	MARGARET EARLY
Mrs. Connors	ANN SHOEMAKER
Mr. Judd	FRANCIS PIERLOT
Mrs. Mary Holden	VIRGINIA BRISSAC

In this one high school bandleader (Mickey Rooney) manages to convince his principal that the band should play swing music. At the same time, he is trying to get into Paul Whiteman's orchestra as a drummer. At a local dance, the band, with Judy as vocalist, proves

its point by scoring a big success. Eventually, the young musicians compete in a contest promising a radio contract to the winners.

Among Judy's songs were, "Nobody," "Drummer Boy," "Nell of New Rochell," "Our Love Affair."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Herald Tribune: "Garland is soulful and full of songs. . . . When it is good, STRIKE UP THE BAND is extremely entertaining. Busby Berkeley has staged it with a strong accent on swing music. . . .

"If you have ever seen Mickey Rooney there is little point in hearing about his latest performance. He is just as effective and just as hammy as he ever was. . . .

"Miss Garland plays her part in the proceedings with considerably more integrity and sings the various songs . . . with a vitality that conceals her lack of musicianship. . . ."

Newsweek: "Undismayed in the face of such comprehensive competition as [Mickey Rooney], Judy Garland does some monopolizing of her own with a score that includes a possible new hit ("Our Love Affair"), a parody, and a handful of dated favorites."

LITTLE NELLY KELLY
M-G-M (1940)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Norman Taurog

THE CAST:

Little Nelly Her Mother	JUDY GARLAND

Jerry Kelly	GEORGE MURPHY
Michael Noonan	CHARLES WINNINGER
Dennie Fogarty	DOUGLAS MacPHAIL
Timothy Fogarty	ARTHUR SHIELDS
Sergeant McGowan	JAMES BURKE
Dooley	ROBERT HOMANS
Father Malone	THOMAS P. DILLON
Mary Fogarty	RITA PAGE
Dennis (child)	HENRY BLAIR
Lord Cavelstroke	FREDERICK WORLOCK

In this film Judy played two roles. At first she is an Irish girl who weds the man she loves (Murphy) against the wishes of her father (Winninger). She dies in childbirth and later plays the role of Murphy's daughter, chafing under parental authority. She also finds herself in the middle of a feud between Murphy and Winninger, her stubborn maternal grandfather.

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Daily News: "Judy Garland in the double role . . . does her best, but even her beguiling exuberance and her sweet way with a ballad cannot entirely overcome the deficiencies of the story." (Kate Cameron)

ZIEGFELD GIRL

M-G-M (1941)

Produced by Pandro S. Berman
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

THE CAST:

Sandra Kolter	HEDY LAMARR
Susan Gallagher	JUDY GARLAND
Sheila Regan	LANA TURNER
Gilbert Young	JAMES STEWART
Frank Merton	TONY MARTIN
Geoffrey Collis	IAN HUNTER
Jerry Regan	JACKIE COOPER
"Pop" Gallagher	CHARLES WINNINGER
Noble Sage	EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
Franz Kolter	PHILIP DORN
Jimmy Walters	DAN DAILEY, JR.
John Slayton	PAUL KELLY
Al	AL SHEAN
Mrs. Regan	FAY HOLDEN
Patsy Dixon	EVE ARDEN

A backstage look at the world of the Ziegfeld showgirl. The film purports to tell how showgirls were developed into stars, and tells their personal problems when their glorification turns their heads. Judy played the daughter of a vaudevillian (Winninger), who worked her way up from the chorus, and with hard work and show discipline, became a star.

Among Judy's songs were, "Minnie from Trinidad," "Ziegfeld Girl," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

Time: ". . . Miss Garland warbles a torrid, topical tune, "Minnie from Trinidad" with true professional gusto. Miss Turner manages the limbs that are to go in limbo and an occasional dramatic sequence with talent, and Miss Lamarr does not spare her uncanny physical charms. . . ."

The New York Times: "Judy Garland, with her head-over-heels excitement, counts for something. . . ."

LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY
M-G-M (1941)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by George B. Seitz

THE CAST:

Andy Hardy	MICKEY ROONEY
Judge Hardy	LEWIS STONE
Betsy Booth	JUDY GARLAND
Mrs. Hardy	FAY HOLDEN
Polly Benedict	ANN RUTHERFORD
Aunt Milly	SARA HADEN
Jennitt Hicks	PATRICIA DANE
Jimmy Frobisher	RAY McDONALD
Beezy	GEORGE BREAKSTON
Dr. Waggoner	PIERRE WATKIN

Andy decides to try the big city instead of a college education. While there he becomes involved romantically with a beautiful golddigger (Patricia Dane) and otherwise with a tragic young dancer (Ray McDonald) who commits suicide. Judy, as Betsy Booth, follows the still unattentive Andy to New York and watches over him with the solicitude of a mother, eventually giving him financial aid and advice.

BABES ON BROADWAY
M-G-M (1941)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Busby Berkeley

THE CAST:

Tommy Williams	MICKEY ROONEY
Penny Morris	JUDY GARLAND
Miss Jones	FAY BAINTER
Mary Ann	VIRGINIA WEIDLER
Ray Lambert	RAY McDONALD
Morton Hammond	RICHARD QUINE
Mr. Stone	DONALD MEEK
Thornton Reed	JAMES GLEASON
Mrs. Williams	EMMA DUNN
Mr. Morris	FREDERICK BURTON
Mr. Woollcott	ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
Secretary	DONNA REED
Inspector Moriarity	CLIFF CLARK

Another song and dance vehicle to show off Judy and Mickey's talents. This one has them in New York, trying to break into Broadway and attract the attention of the big time.

Judy sang: "Mary's a Grand Old Name," "Rings on My Fingers," "How About you?" "Bombshell from Brazil."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Herald Tribune: "Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland are getting a bit on in years to be designated as babes, but they have lost none of their shrewd showmanship in their passage through adolescence."

The New York Times: "Though Mickey doesn't leave much room for anybody else, Judy Garland manages to stand out in the musical interludes, as does the nimble-footed Ray McDonald in a brief tap dance."

Time: ". . . Miss Garland, now nineteen and wise to her co-star's propensity for stealing scenes, neatly takes the picture away from him. Rooney cannot sing, but Judy Garland can and proves it. . . ."

WE MUST HAVE MUSIC
M-G-M (1942)

We Must Have Music was a short subject, released in 1942. It used a musical sequence, featuring Judy Garland, that had been snipped from *Ziegfeld Girl*. Its purpose was to explain the importance and the amount of work done by a motion picture music department.

FOR ME AND MY GAL
M-G-M (1942)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Busby Berkeley

THE CAST:

Jo Hayden	JUDY GARLAND
Jimmy Metcalf	GEORGE MURPHY
Harry Palmer	GENE KELLY
Eve Minard	MARTA EGGERTH
Sid Simm	BEN BLUE
Danny Hayden	RICHARD QUINE
Eddie Milton	KEENAN WYNN
Mr. Waring	HORACE (STEPHAN) McNALLY
Lily	LUCILLE NORMAN

Still another show business theme, this one set in the days just before World War I in order to make a patriotic film for the early months of World War II. The story concerns a struggling song and dance team and the romantic entanglements of the three. Judy Garland falls for heel Gene Kelly, while George Murphy is ever faithful in the wings.

Judy's songs included, "After You've Gone," "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?" "Ballin' the Jack," "Oh, You Beautiful Doll."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Herald Tribune: "Miss Garland is someone to reckon with. Of all the youngsters who have graduated into mature roles in recent years, she has the surest command of her form of make-believe." (Howard Barnes)

The New York Daily News: ". . . Judy looks thin and frail throughout the picture, but she seems to have developed enormously as an actress and entertainer since her last screen assignment." (Kate Cameron)

Time: ". . . In this nostalgic re-evocation of vaudeville's golden age and the sweeter, simpler times of World War I, Miss Garland and Mr. Kelly do a notable job. Bony-faced Miss Garland is already well graduated from a sort of female Mickey Rooney into one of the more reliable song pluggers in the business. She also begins to show symptoms of dramatic sensitiveness, discipline, and talent."

PRESENTING LILY MARS
M-G-M (1943)

Produced by Joe Pasternak
Directed by Norman Taurog

THE CAST:

Lily Mars	JUDY GARLAND
John Thornway	VAN HEFLIN
Mrs. Thornway	FAY BAINTER
Owen Vail	RICHARD CARLSON
Mrs. Mars	SPRING BYINGTON
Isobel Rekay	MARTA EGGERTH
Frankie	CONNIE GILCHRIST
Leo	LEONID KINSKEY
Charlie Potter	RAY McDONALD
Specialty Dancer	CHARLES WALTERS

Judy plays a smalltown girl with stars in her eyes, who goes to New York in the hope of making the big-time. She eventually breaks into show biz, lands a Broadway producer along the way (Van Heflin), and ends the show with a gala musical show staged by Heflin.

Judy's songs included, "When I Look at You," "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," "Every Little Movement."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Times: "M-G-M . . . is again having her [Judy Garland] show off her best points in *Presenting Lily Mars*. Miss Garland is fresh and pretty—she has a perky friendliness that is completely disarming. She is a gifted young lady. . . ."

GIRL CRAZY
M-G-M (1943)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Norman Taurog

THE CAST:

Danny Churchill, Jr.	MICKEY ROONEY
Ginger Gray	JUDY GARLAND
Bud Livermore	GIL STRATTON
Henry Lathrop	ROBERT E. STRICKLAND
"Rags"	RAGS RAGLAND
Specialty	JUNE ALLYSON
Polly Williams	NANCY WALKER
Dean Phineas Armour	GUY KIBBEE
Marjorie Tait	FRANCES RAFFERTY
Governor Tait	HOWARD FREEMAN
Mr. Churchill, Sr.	HENRY O'NEILL

Mickey plays a spoiled New York playboy, whose father sends him to college in Arizona at a rugged boys' school. Judy plays the president's daughter, and when Rooney discovers her and the school's financial straits, the two put on a Western Jamboree to attract new students, and the school is saved. "But Not For Me," "Boy, What Love Has Done to Me," "I Got Rhythm," "Embraceable You," and "Bidin' My Time" were among Judy's featured numbers.

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Times: "Hold your hats, folks! Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland are back in town. And if at this late date there are still a few die-hards who deny that they are the most incorrigibly talented pair of youngsters in movies, then *Girl Crazy* should serve as final rebuttal.

". . . of all the child prodigies of Hollywood, Miss Garland has outgrown her adolescence most gracefully and still sings a song with an appealing sincerity which is downright irresistible. (T.S.)

The New York Herald Tribune: "With her [Judy's] excellent voice and Norman Taurog's expert staging, *Girl Crazy* is a show without a dull musical number.

". . . Chalk up another musical comedy triumph for the Rooney-Garland team." (Otis Gernsey, Jr.)

THOUSANDS CHEER
M-G-M (1943)

Produced by Joe Pasternak
Directed by George Sidney

THE CAST:

Kathryn Jones	KATHRYN GRAYSON
Eddie March	GENE KELLY
Hyllary Jones	MARY ASTOR
Jose	JOSE ITURBI
Colonel Jones	JOHN BOLES
Captain Avery	DICK SIMMONS

Chuck	BEN BLUE
Sergeant Koslack	FRANK JENKS
Alan	FRANK SULLY
Marie	FRANCES RAFFERTY
Mama Corbino	ODETTE MYRTIL
Papa Crobino	WILL KAUFMAN

GUEST STARS:

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball, Virginia O'Brien, Lena Horne, Marsha Hunt, Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, Margaret O'Brien, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, John Conte, Sara Haden, Frank Morgan, Kay Kyser and his Orchestra, Bob Crosby and his Orchestra.

This was a wartime musical concerning a romance between the colonel's daughter (Kathryn Grayson), and a recently drafted circus performer (Gene Kelly). The two of them manage to round up a huge camp show put on by movie stars for the entertainment of the servicemen.

Judy's song: "The Joint is Really Jumping (Down in Carnegie Hall)."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Herald Tribune: ". . . Judy Garland is attractive as she gets Jose Iturbi to bang out some rhythms on the piano."

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS
M-G-M (1944)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Vincente Minnelli

THE CAST:

Esther Smith	JUDY GARLAND
"Tootie" Smith	MARGARET O'BRIEN
Anna Smith	MARY ASTOR
Rose Smith	LUCILLE BREMER
John Truett	TOM DRAKE
Katie	MARJORIE MAIN
Alonzo Smith	LEON AMES
Grandpa	HARRY DAVENPORT
Lucille Ballard	JUNE LOCKHART
Lon Smith, Jr.	HENRY DANIELS, JR.
Agnes Smith	JOAN CARROLL
Colonel Darly	HUGH MARLOWE
Mr. Neely	CHILL WILLS

The story revolves around the Smith family in St. Louis at the turn of the century. A crisis develops when Mr. Smith announces that he is moving the family to New York, except nobody wants to go. For one thing, all are eagerly awaiting the upcoming St. Louis World Exposition. Judy plays a lovely Missouri belle who has fallen for the boy next door (Tom Drake). The movie ends happily when father decides that the family would be better off staying in St. Louis, then all attend the World's Fair.

The film featured a good many Garland classics, including, "The Boy Next Door," "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," "The Trolley Song," "Under the Bamboo Tree," "Meet Me in St. Louis."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Times: "Miss Garland is full of gay exuberance as the second sister of the lot, and sings . . . with a rich voice that grows riper and more expressive in each new film. . . . A ginger peachy of a show." (Bosley Crowther)

The New York Herald Tribune: "Judy Garland is on hand to sing several songs expertly and to give dramatic effects to the small crises of family life. . . ." (Howard Barnes)

Time: ". . . A musical even the deaf should enjoy."

THE CLOCK
M-G-M (1945)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Vincente Minnelli

THE CAST:

Alice Mayberry	JUDY GARLAND
Corporal Joe Allen	ROBERT WALKER
Al Henry	JAMES GLEASON
The Drunk	KEENAN WYNN
Bill	MARSHALL THOMPSON
Mrs. Al Henry	LUCILLE GLEASON
Helen	RUTH BRADY
Woman in Restaurant	MOYNA MacGILL

The Clock tells the story of a soldier on a 48-hour weekend in New York, during World War II. In the space of this one eventful weekend, he meets, falls in love with, and marries a young girl (Judy), before being shipped overseas.

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Times: "A tender and refreshingly simple romantic drama . . . Robert Walker and Judy Garland (who by the way doesn't sing a note) are the principals.

"*The Clock* is the kind of picture that leaves one with a warm feeling towards his fellow man, especially towards the young folks who today are trying to crowd a lifetime of happiness into a few fleeting hours." (I.M.P.)

Time: "*The Clock*, at its best, is so good that it inspires ingratitude for not being great. Its basic story is about as simple and as moving as they come.

". . . Director Minnelli . . . has brought the budding dramatic talents of . . . Judy Garland into unmistakable bloom."

THE HARVEY GIRLS
M-G-M (1946)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by George Sidney

THE CAST:

Susan Bradley	JUDY GARLAND
Ned Trent	JOHN HODIAK
Chris Maule	RAY BOLGER
Judge Sam Puvis	PRESTON FOSTER
Alma	VIRGINIA O'BRIAN
Em	ANGELA LANSBURY
Sonora Cassidy	MARJORIE MAIN
H.H. Hartsey	CHILL WILLS
Terry O'Halleran	KENNY BAKER
Miss Bliss	SELENA ROYLE
Deborah	CYD CHARISSE
Ethel	RUTH BRADY

Listed in *Variety* as an All-Time Box-Office Champion, this was the tale of a young waitress in the Old West, working for the chain of Harvey House restaurants. It relates her adventures and eventual snarring of sophisticated gambler Ned Trent (John Hodiak).

Another film full of such Garland standards as, "On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe," "In the Valley When the Evening Sun Goes Down," "It's a Great Big World."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Times: "Miss Garland, of course, is at the center of most of the activity and handles herself in pleasing fashion—up to and including the high notes." (Bosley Crowther)

Time: "Miss Garland doesn't seem as recklessly happy as she was in St. Louis, but she still appears to be having a pretty fine time."

The New York Herald Tribune: "A great big animated picture postcard. Judy Garland is the film's bright . . . star. Miss Garland is effectively glamorized in get-ups of the '90s and sings her songs pleasantly." (Howard Barnes)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946
M-G-M (1946)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Vincente Minnelli

THE CAST: (GUEST STARS)

FRED ASTAIRE, LUCILLE BALL, LUCILLE BREMER, FANNY BRICE, JUDY GARLAND, KATHRYN GRAYSON, LENA HORNE, GENE KELLY, JAMES MELTON, VICTOR MOORE, RED SKELTON, ESTHER WILLIAMS, and WILLIAM POWELL as Flo Ziegfeld.

With: EDWARD ARNOLD, MARION BELL, BUNIN'S PUPPETS, CYD CHARISSE, HUME CRONYN, WILLIAM FRAWLEY, ROBERT LEWIS, VIRGINIA O'BRIEN and KEENAN WYNN

THE PLOT: In this film, M-G-M places Flo Ziegfeld in heaven and has him wondering what it would be like to put on another Follies with the talent on hand. The format clears the way for a star-studded musical review in which Judy did a sequence entitled "The Interview".

CRITICAL COMMENTS:

The New York Times: "Judy Garland . . . is amusing as a movie queen giving an interview. *Ziegfeld Follies* is entertaining—and that's what it's meant to be!" (Bosley Crowther)

Newsweek: ". . . In 'A Great Lady Has an Interview,' " Judy Garland, with six leading men, displays an unexpected flair for occupational satire. . . ."

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY
M-G-M (1946)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Richard Whorf

THE CAST:

Jerome Kern	ROBERT WALKER
Marilyn Miller	JUDY GARLAND
Sally	LUCILLE BREMER
James I. Hessler	VAN HEFLIN
Oscar Hammerstein	PAUL LANGTON
Mrs. Jerome Kern	DOROTHY PATRICK
Mrs. Muller	MARY NASH
Bandleader	VAN JOHNSON
Julie Sanderson	DINAH SHORE
Charles Frohman	HARRY HAYDEN
Victor Herbert	PAUL MAXEY
Sally, as a girl	JOAN WELLS

Guest appearances:
June Allyson, Angela Lansbury, Ray McDonald, Cyd Charisse, Gower Champion, the Wilde Twins, Tony Martin, Kathryn Grayson, Virginia O'Brien, Lena Horne, Caleb Peterson, Johnny Johnston, and Frank Sinatra.

This fact-fiction account of the life of composer Jerome Kern (Robert Walker) had Judy playing the role of Broadway actress Marilyn Miller.

Judy sang, "Look For the Silver Lining" and "Who?"

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Times: "Why did Metro . . . cook up such a phoney yarn. . . . Why couldn't it simply have given us much more enjoyable things as Judy Garland playing Marilyn Miller and singing the melodious 'Sunny' and 'Who?'" (Bosley Crowther)

Time: " . . . Judy Garland is charming as the later Marilyn Miller and still more charming when she sings 'Who?'"

THE PIRATE
M-G-M (1948)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Vincente Minnelli

THE CAST:

Manuela	JUDY GARLAND
Serafin	GENE KELLY
Don Pedro Vargas	WALTER SLEZAK
Aunt Inez	GLADYS COOPER
Advocate	REGINALD OWEN
Viceroy	GEORGE ZUCCO
Specialty Dancers	NICHOLAS BROTHERS
Isabella	LOLA DEEM
Capucho	LESTER ALLEN
Mercedes	ELLEN ROSS
Lizarda	MARY JO ELLIS
Casilda	JEAN DEAN

Originally played on the stage by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontane, the script was musically reworked to fit the personalities of Garland and Kelly. It concerns a man (Kelly) impersonating a notorious pirate with the intention of stealing the heart of a Spanish maiden (Judy) from his rival. "Love of My Life," "Mack the Black," "You Can Do No Wrong," "Nina," and "Be a Clown" (with Kelly) were the songs Judy introduced.

CRITICAL COMMENT:

Newsweek: ". . . With Judy Garland and Gene Kelly pitching energetically into the lead roles . . . *Pirate* is one of the most delightful musicals to hit the screen in a month of Sundays. . . ."

The New York Times: "Miss Garland teams nicely with Mr. Kelly, singing or dancing, and she throws herself with verve into a wild, slapstick exercise, tossing everything that's not nailed down like a trouper."

EASTER PARADE
M-G-M (1948)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Charles Walters

THE CAST:

Hannah Brown	JUDY GARLAND
Don Hewes	FRED ASTAIRE
Jonathon Harrow III	PETER LAWFORD
Nadine Gale	ANN MILLER

Mike the Bartender	CLINTON SUNDBERG
Francois the Headwaiter	JULES MUNSHIN
Essie	JENI LEGON
Boy with Astaire	JIMMY BATES
Leading Man	RICHARD BEAVERS
Al the Stage Manager	DICK SIMMONS

Listed by *Variety* as an all-time box-office champion, *Easter Parade* has dancer Fred Astaire choosing, on a bet, a chorus girl to replace his ex-dancing partner (Ann Miller). Judy is groomed for the spot. Music by Irving Berlin.

Judy could hardly miss with such Berlin songs as, "A Fella with an Umbrella," "It Only Happens When I Dance with You," "A Couple of Swells."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Herald Tribune: "Irving Berlin, Fred Astaire, and Judy Garland have pooled their musical and dancing talents in a smart and fetching screen carnival. . . . Miss Garland has matured to a remarkable degree in *Easter Parade* . . . (she is) a handsome and knowing actress. Her latest performance is altogether her best." (Howard Barnes)

The New York Daily News: ". . . Judy, wan and frail, needs a little more flesh on her bones to give her more verve and bring her up to her old standard as an entertainer. . . ." (Kate Cameron)

WORDS AND MUSIC
M-G-M (1948)

Produced by Arthur Freed
Directed by Norman Taurog

THE CAST:

Lorenz "Larry" Hart	MICKEY ROONEY
Eddie Lorrison Anders	PERRY COMO
Joyce Harmon	ANN SOTHERN
Richard "Dick" Rodgers	TOM DRAKE
Peggy Lorgan McNeil	BETTY GARRETT
Dorothy Feiner	JANET LEIGH
Herbert Fields	MARSHALL THOMPSON
Mrs. Hart	JEANETTE NOLAN
Ben Feiner, Jr.	RICHARD QUINE
Shoe Clerk	CLINTON SUNDBERG
Dr. Rodgers	HARRY ATRIM
Mrs. Rodgers	ILKA GRUNING

GUEST STARS: June Allyson, Lena Horne, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Vera Ellen, Cyd Charisse, Mel Torme, The Blackburn Twins, Allyn McLerie.

In yet another all-star musical M-G-M cast Mickey Rooney and Tom Drake as composer-lyricist team Rodgers and Hart. At the same time, ample opportunity for presenting their works was made available. Judy played herself in a cameo appearance.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME
M-G-M (1949)

Produced by Joe Pasternak
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

THE CAST:

Veronica Fisher	JUDY GARLAND
Andrew Larkin	VAN JOHNSON
Otto Oberkugen	S. Z. SAKALL
Nellie Burke	SPRING BYINGTON
Louise Parkson	MARCIA VAN DYKE
Rudy Hansen	CLINTON SUNDBERG
Aunt Addie	LILLIAN BRONSON
Burly Policeman	RALPH SANFORD

This was a musical version of the 1940 hit *The Shop Around the Corner*, adapted to Chicago around the turn of the century. Judy and Van Johnson played co-workers who were openly antagonistic to each other, and at the same time, were carrying on, unknowingly, a love affair by correspondence.

Judy had plenty of time to sing such standards as, "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "I Don't Care," "In the Good Old Summertime," "Put Your Arms Around Me Honey."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Daily News: ". . . Looking much sturdier than she did in her last screen appearance, Judy performs the role of the ambitious heroine with some of her old time verve. She also sings the title song and several other old favorites with unusual effectiveness." (Kate Cameron)

Newsweek: ". . . Miss Garland's voice—as appealing as ever—this time plays second fiddle to one of her best straight comedy performances."

SUMMER STOCK
M-G-M (1950)

Produced by Joe Pasternak
Directed by Charles Walters

THE CAST:

Jane Falbury	JUDY GARLAND
Joe D. Ross	GENE KELLY
Orville Wingait	EDDIE BRACKEN
Abigail Falbury	GLORIA DeHAVEN
Esme	MARJORIE MAIN
Herb Blake	PHIL SILVERS
Jasper G. Wingait	RAY COLLINS
Sarah Higgins	NITA BIEBER
Artie	CARLETON CARPENTER
Harrison Keath	HANS CONRIED

Another show biz plot. This time Judy's sister, Abigail (Gloria DeHaven) invites a troupe of summer stock players to rehearse and live in their barn. At first Judy is antagonistic to them, but by the end of the summer, she is star of the show and mated with the leader of the troupe (Gene Kelly).

Judy's numbers included, "Friendly Star," "If You Feel Like Singing, Sing," "Happy Harvest," "Get Happy."

CRITICAL COMMENT:

The New York Daily News: "Judy and Gene are in fine form . . . both are able players, which makes it as much a pleasure to see them as it is to hear them sing or watch them dance." (Wanda Hale)

Time: "*Summer Stock* . . . serves . . . as a welcome reminder of Judy Garland's unerring way with a song. Ill, and in and out of trouble with her studio, Actress Garland has been off the screen since last year's *In The Good Old Summertime*. A rest cure left her chubbily overweight for her first return performance. But none of it seems to have affected her ability as one of Hollywood's few triple-threat girls. . . . Her voice and showmanlike delivery do wonders for the whole score."

A STAR IS BORN

Warner Brothers (1954)

Produced by Sidney Luft
Directed by George Cukor

THE CAST:

Esther Blodgett	JUDY GARLAND
Norman Maine	JAMES MASON
Libby	JACK CARSON
Oliver Niles	CHARLES BICKFORD
Danny McGuire	TOMMY NOONAN
Starlet	LUCY MARLOWE
Susan	ARMANDA BLAKE
Graves	IRVING BACON
Libby's Secretary	HAZEL SHERMET
Glenn Williams	JAMES BROWN
Miss Markham	LOTUS ROBB

This remake of David O. Selznick's 1937 masterpiece represents the apex of Judy's career. In her triumphant comeback into movies, she plays a young band singer, who is discovered by Norman Maine, an aging movie idol near the end of his career (James Mason). Esther Blodgett (Judy) has her name changed to Vicki Lester, and a star is born. Having become an overnight success, the studio pays more and more attention to her, and less to Mason, whom she has married. As her career ascends, so his declines. He returns to drinking and humiliates himself so much that, to save her marriage and the man she loves, Vicki decides to drop her movie career. Upon learning this, Norman Maine sacrifices his life for her career by walking into the sea and drowning himself.

Judy made a classic of "The Man That Got Away" and sang such numbers as "Gotta Have Me Go with You," "Here's What I'm Here For," "It's a New World," "Someone at Last," "Lose That Long Face."

CRITICAL COMMENTS:

Time: ". . . (Judy) gives just about the greatest one-woman show in modern movie history.

". . . Judy . . . has never sung better . . . An expert vaudeville performance was to be expected from Judy; to find her a dramatic actress as well is the real surprise—although perhaps it should not be.

". . . Judy Garland makes a stunning comeback. . . ." *The New York Times*: ". . . *A Star Is Born* [is] . . . one of the grandest heartbreak dramas that has drenched the screen in years . . . Cukor . . . gets performances from Miss Garland and Mr. Mason that make the heart flutter and bleed. Miss Garland is excellent in all things, but most winningly perhaps in the song "Here's What I'm Here For," wherein she dances and sings, pantomimes the universal endeavors of the lady to capture the man. . . ." (Bosley Crowther)

PEPE

Columbia (1960)

Produced and directed by George Sidney

For the soundtrack of this animated film, Judy sang "The Faraway Part of Town" by Andre Previn. The song was nominated for an Academy Award.

JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG

United Artists (1961)

Produced and Directed by Stanley Kramer

THE CAST:

Judge Dan Haywood	SPENCER TRACY
Ernst Janning	BURT LANCASTER
Colonel Tad Lawson	RICHARD WIDMARK
Madame Bertholt	MARLENE DIETRICH
Hans Rolfe	MAXIMILLIAN SCHELL
Irene Hoffman	JUDY GARLAND
Rudolph Peterson	MONTGOMERY CLIFT
Captain Byers	WILLIAM SHATNER
Senator Burkette	EDWARD BINNS
Judge Kenneth Norris	KENNETH MacKENNA
Emil Hahn	WERNER KLEMPERER
General Merrin	ALAN BAXTER
Werner Lammpe	TORBEN MEYER

The plot dealt with the coverage of the war trials in Germany, after the Second World War. American judge Dan Haywood (Spencer Tracy) presides. Three German judges are on trial for betraying law and justice in Nazi Germany. A key point in the film is the testimony of Irene Hoffman (Judy Garland). On the stand she testifies that an elderly Jewish friend was falsely accused of being intimate with her, thus polluting the Aryan race. For his actions, he was subsequently executed. Irene Hoffman's testimony was critical to the plot and precipitated the climax. Judy Garland's portrayal won her an Academy Award nomination for Best Supporting Actress. The film was critically acclaimed, but low on box-office receipts.

GAY PURR-EE

Warner Brothers (1962)

Executive Producer: Henry G. Saperstein
Directed by Abe Leviton

VOICES: Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, Red Buttons, Hermione Gingold, Paul Frees, Morey Amsterdam, Mel Blanc, Julie Bennett, and Joan Gardner.

This was a full-length feature animated cartoon. Judy was the voice of "Mewsette," the sexy, fun-loving heroine, a cat.

Judy dubbed the lyrics for the pussy cat's renditions of "Take My Hand, Paree," "Paris Is a Lonely Town," "Roses Red, Violets Blue," "Little Drops of Rain."

A CHILD IS WAITING

United Artists (1962)

Produced by Stanley Kramer
Directed by John Cassavetes

THE CAST:

Dr. Mathew Clark	BURT LANCASTER
Jean Hansen	JUDY GARLAND
Sophie Widdicombe	GENA ROWLANDS
Ted Widdicombe	STEVEN HILL
Reuben Widdicombe	BRUCE RITCHEY
Mattie	GLORIA McGEHEE
Goodman	PAUL STEWART
Miss Fogarty	ELIZABETH WILSON
Miss Brown	BARBARA PEPPER

In this film, Judy played Jean Hansen, a rootless woman anxious to find some meaning in her life. She signs on as music teacher in an institution for mentally retarded children. She becomes emotionally involved with one of the children and disagrees with Dr. Clark, the head doctor (Burt Lancaster) on methods of disciplining the child. Dr. Clark discourages her sentimentality with the children. In the end, Jean realizes the wisdom of Dr. Clark's decisions.

Judy sang "Up, Up, Up in the Air," accompanied by children.

CRITICAL COMMENT:

Time: ". . . The film is bone honest and at moments mortally moving. Garland is good."

Saturday Review: "Miss Garland and Lancaster radiate a warmth so genuine that one is certain that the children are responding directly to them, not merely following some vaguely comprehended script."

I COULD GO ON SINGING

United Artists (1962)

Produced by Stuart Miller and Lawrence Turman
Directed by Ronald Neame

THE CAST:

Jenny Bowman	JUDY GARLAND
David Donne	DIRK BOGARDE
George Kogan	JACK KLUGMAN
Matt	GREGORY PHILIPS
Ida	ARLINE MacMAHON
Miss Pimpton	PAULINE JAMESON
Hospital Surgeon	JEREMY BURNHAM

In her last screen performance, Judy played a famous concert singer, plagued with emotional problems. In London she meets her former lover (Dirk Bogarde) who has now become a famous specialist. She longs to see her illegitimate child, whom she had abandoned, and he has adopted.

CRITICAL COMMENTS:

The New York Times: "Considering what Judy Garland has done in movies over the years and how many of her fans still love her, no matter what she does, it is sad to have to say that the little lady is not at the top of her form in her new film, *I Could Go On Singing*." (Bosley Crowther)

The New York Post: "*I Could Go On Singing* . . . is a showcase for Judy Garland's latter-day singing and emoting. . . . The entertainment rests solely and heavily on the very theatrical shoulders of Judy Garland." (Archer Winsten)

The New York Herald Tribune: "Either you are or you aren't—a Judy Garland fan that is. And if you aren't, forget about her new movie, *I Could Go On Singing*, and leave the discussion to us devotees.

"You'll see her in close-up . . . in beautiful, glowing Technicolor and striking staging in a vibrant, vital performance that gets to the essence of her mystique as a superb entertainer. Miss Garland is—as always—real, the voice throbbing, the eyes aglow, the delicate features yielding to the demands of the years—the legs still long and lovely. Certainly the role of a top-rank singer beset by the loneliness and emotional hungers of her personal life is not an alien one to her. . . ." (Judith Christ)

Appendix B:

JUDY'S RECORD ALBUMS AND SINGLES

ALBUMS:

Best of Judy Garland, Decca
Judy Garland, MRO
Judy Garland: *At Home at the Palace*, ABC
Judy Garland: *In Song*, MRO
Judy Garland: *Sings Meet Me in St. Louis and Harvey Girls*, Decca
The Judy Garland Story: *Star Years*, MGM
Judy Garland/Liza Minnelli, Capitol
Greatest Performances, Decca
Hits of Judy Garland, Capitol
The Judy Garland Story: *Hollywood Years*, MGM
Judy at Carnegie Hall, Capitol
Just for Openers, Capitol
Original Hit Performances, Decca
Original Hits Into the '40s, Decca
Original Hits Late '30s, Decca
Very Best of Judy Garland, MGM
Wizard of Oz (Soundtrack), MGM

SINGLES:

For Me and My Gal, Decca
I Feel a Song Coming On, ABC

Jitterbug, Decca
Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis, Decca
Over the Rainbow, Decca
Trolley Song, Decca
What Now My Love, ABC
When You Wore a Tulip, Decca
You Made Me Love You, Decca

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* The fading superstar, watching the electric of her name grow dim;

* The doomed goddess, finally finding what she had sought all her life: eternal sleep....

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- ✶ **The restless woman, searching for love from husband to husband;**
- ✶ **The devoted mother, fighting for her children;**
- ✶ **The fading superstar, watching the electric of her name grow dim;**
- ✶ **The doomed goddess, finding at 47 what she had sought all her life: eternal peace on the other side of the rainbow. . . .**

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